CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLV. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 11 NO. 32.

Elmer J Frost
Rural Route 3
Sept 17

The Serpent's Bride

-:- Or -:-

An Indian Secret

By Arthur Preston Hankins

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

MONTE DILLON had not the faintest idea, when he entered the Los Angeles public library that afternoon, that he would encounter there the end of a thread which was to lead him to the crisis of his life.

Walking aimlessly along Broadway, he had noticed the library sign. His feet were tired from unfamiliar contact with the pavement of the city, and he had gone in to sit down and rest.

In all this big city, it seemed, there was no other place where he might rest. Monte's landlady had that morning ejected him, muttering something in regard to the oral powers of money. In the flapped pockets of his corduroy trousers there was not a cent. One cannot even rest in a saloon where he is not known without at least a nickel for a glass of beer. Monte might have found temporary refuge in the livery stable where his saddle pony and pack burro were "eating their heads off," but he now owed the liveryman for three days' board. Monte seemed effectually, desperately stranded in the metropolis of the Southwest.

And how he hated it—the metropolis—any city. The perpetual clash and contact, the jarring, nerve-racking noises, the "Keep Out" signs, the evident selfish, grasping, every-fellow-for-himself littleness, the wealth, the poverty, the disease of body and soul!

Monte had ridden horseback from the Lone Fir Rancho, down in San Diego County, with a month's cowpuncher pay under his leather chaps. He was always trying this—trying to adjust himself to city life. He felt that he owed it to himself to be civilized. Wasn't he a graduate of the University of California? But always the open road called him back from desk or wareroom, or wherever he had essayed a metropolitan vocation.

This time his daring horsemanship and his gorgeous equestrian trappings had put him on with a Wild West moving-picture company. In their employ Monte had shown ideas of his own in regard to a true depiction of the West. He and the director had argued the point. The director had then been taken to a hospital, and Monte had left without his

pay. He had spent, long before, what he had brought with him from the ranch. So now he entered the public library to rest and plan escape from the garishness and the man-made glory of it all.

As he passed thru the spacious rooms of the library, curious eyes followed his lean figure, his Stetson with its intricately woven horsehair band, his silver-clasped black silk neckerchief, his made-to-order high-heeled Tampico boots. It was late Saturday afternoon and the rooms were filled with people securing books for Sunday. Monte found it difficult to locate a quiet seat on the first floor.

His little boot-heels clicked up the oaken staircase to a balcony. Here were tiered the technical and scientific tomes. There was less crowding, and at once he found a seat and disinterestedly opened an educational journal. With unseeing eyes on the pages he began vowing in a vehement undertone that, if he got clear of the city this time, he never would return. He was a wild brush rabbit, he told himself, strong, fleet, and full of vigor in his own environment, but puny and courting death when caged.

Now a peculiar man came up the stairs and approached the desk of the chief of this department, a rather pretty girl. He was 45, perhaps, short and thin, gray-headed, seamed and tanned of face, with little piercing, intense gray eyes, and dressed well tho carelessly. His voice was irritable, mandatory, almost snarling, as he addressed the girl.

"Get me the Sixteenth Annual Report of the American Bureau of Ethnology," he ordered discourteously.

Monte saw lines of irritation flit across the girl's brow and disappear, as she left her desk and vanished between tiers of great books.

The bronzed little man locked lean brown fingers behind his back and began pacing before the desk, impatiently awaiting her return. Monte idly studied him. His leanness, outdoor coloring, and ruggedness seemed out of place with the clothes he wore, carelessly donned tho they were.

The girl returned with a big calf-bound book.

"Got it, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

He fumbled in his coat and passed his library card.

The girl smiled and shook her head.

"This book can't be taken out," she informed him.

"Can't be taken out? Heavens and earth! Why?"

"Because we have only one copy of books of this class. I'm sorry. Can't you sit at a table and take notes?"

"Take notes!" he snorted. "Heavens and earth, what a poor excuse for a library! Like all these public institutions, tho. Only one copy of the Sixteenth Annual Report of——"

"I doubt if this volume has been off the shelf for a year," the girl said [illegible] you see, two or more copies——"

"Oh, give it to me!" He all but snatched it from her. "And get me Daniel Grimes on Serpent Worship. I suppose you have only the one copy of that, too."

"I'll see," said the girl, meekly, and left him again.

The little man with the big yellow book came straight to Monte's table and dropped petulantly into a seat beside him. Monte studied him curiously, then calmly leaned over and tapped his shoulder.

"When the young lady comes back," he said, "speak to her with the tongue of angels, or I'll crack your conk."

The iron-gray head jerked toward Monte. The intense little eyes scrutinized his dark face, coal-black eyes and hair, then traveled to the broad-brimmed hat on the table. The little man pushed back his chair, a malicious gleam in his eyes gave that portion of Monte's anatomy hitherto concealed under the table a glance of interest.

"Cowpuncher, eh?" the cracked voice whipped out.

"I claim the distinction."

The little man laughed. It was a sort of cross between a chuckle and a snort. It was not pleasant to hear. "With the tongue of angels," he quoted. "And 'I have the distinction.' Say"—with brisk suddenness—"where are you from?"

"Seems to me we're drifting from the original topic," Monte pointed out. "Now, this little lady——"

"Oh, all right—all right! I'll kiss the hem of her garment, Mr. Voice-of-Angels. Merely my way. Where did you say you are from?"

Monte Dillon puzzled over this. Perhaps he had been too hasty. Everybody in the world had his way, odious as some of them seemed. Monte was lonesome, an outcast, typically Western; he couldn't resist even the half-friendly advances of a man whose coloring showed him to be of the same vast outdoors.

"I'm from the Lone Fir," he told him, "down in San Diego County."

"Cattle ranch?"

"Of course."

"Can't say that I've heard of it. But I am always interested in cattlemen, rangers, Westerners of the outdoor type generally. 'With the voice of angels,'" he repeated, and once more came that unpleasant chuckling snort. "You're not what such insufferable asses as fiction writers would call a 'common cowboy,' I take it?"

"I'm common enough, I reckon."

"'I reckon!' That's more in character, now. And whence this 'voice-of-angels' business?"

"Say, pardner," said Monte, "doesn't it occur to you that you're verging just a little close to the personal?"

Now a hint of red merged with the tan of the little man's lean face. Monte felt that, above all things, embarrassment would be the last to cause this man to relinquish what he had set out to gain. And he felt that in the present case he—Monte—was the object of an investigation—that he was being probed, turned over with a pin, eyed thru a microscope.

"Oh, you're all out of character again," deprecated the analyst. "You're too finicky."

"I'm a common cowboy, then, conceded Monte. "But I've been to college—if that's what's troubling you."

"College, eh? Heavens and earth, a college cowboy!"

"No, a cowboy collegian."

"I see. Better—far better. Well, glad to have met you." The girl was coming with the other book. "Excuse me a little. Maybe I'll ask you a few questions about the Lone Fir country later. Will you answer them?"

"I have no reason to decline to."

"Good. Thank you, young lady. May one take this book from the library?"

"No, sir," replied the girl. "This, also, is——"

"Don't trouble to explain. I beg you. I can easily take notes, and, doubtless, get what I require. Thank you again."

The girl glanced in mystification from the seamed face to Monte, laughed flutteringly, and turned away.

The chuckling snort of Monte's neophyte in manners came again, unpleasing as ever. Monte kept his face straight. The other put on gold-rimmed nose-glasses, opened the new book, and buried his face in it.

After ten minutes of turning the leaves he backed jerkily from the table. He crossed his legs, removed his glasses, and sat speculatively shaking them as he gazed into Monte's dark face.

"Lone Fir Ranch, eh? Any Indian settlements in that country?"

"Several of them," was Monte's reply. "And—he glanced at the second book the other had received—"there's a tribe of snake worshipers, too."

His companion bent forward in his chair with surprising suddenness. In the tanned face came some quick electrification which transfigured it.

"Snake worshipers?" he cried in a tone far above that demanded in libraries. "Why, you're ridiculous, man! He, too, glanced at the book on Serpent Worship. "Are you trying to—what are you trying to, anyway? Why, the California Indian is too primitive of intellect to worship reptiles. Snake worship is a high order of Indian cultus, practiced by the most intellectually advanced——"

"Can't help all that, pardner. I've seen snake worship in California, not forty miles from the Lone Fir Rancho."

For almost a minute the gray, piercing eyes bored Monte incredulously, appraising, truth-testing. Then, with one of his jerky movements, the stranger rose and grasped Monte's arm.

"You're telling the truth," he said, with conviction. "Come with me, won't you? I must hear more about this."

CHAPTER II.

BY THE WAY, my name is Achilles Peebles," remarked the little brown man, as the two reached the street. "I didn't get yours, I am positive."

"Monte Dillon."

"Dillon, eh? Dillon. Well, Mr. Monte Dillon, it is about my dinner hour. Will you join me?"

"I will, thank you, Mr. Peebles."

"Good! And where would you like to dine?"

"I've been infesting the Horseshoe Chop House at chow time," Monte told him, with a grin.

Mr. Peebles' chuckle seemed not so raucous as he said: "Can't say that I am familiar with the place. Suppose we try the Alexandria."

Monte stifled his mild pang of apprehension.

"I'm game," he told Peebles, "boots and all."

"Tut, tut!" was Peebles' calm reproof. "Of course you're game. I always am. And sometimes my clothes are as unusual as yours. You must live within yourself, Mr. Dillon. You must always remember that, inside, you know your own worth—that other people don't. Never keep out of good society because you are not dressed just the part. And if you feel your own strength it will show in your face and bearing; and people who are worth your time will see deeper than your clothes. The others don't matter. Personally I am all but a sans culottist. At any rate, clothes are the least of my worries."

They threaded their way thru the jostling evening crowd to an entrance of the Hotel Alexandria. Monte noted the quick deference of the uniformed attendant at the door. He wished Mr. Peebles good evening, speaking his name as warmly as a good servant may.

The hat boy at the door of the dining-room was as deferential in his turn. He politely wished Mr. Peebles good evening. Within the dining-room, the lordly head waiter hurried from a distance personally to conduct Mr. Peebles, whom he wished good evening, to a desirable table. He and the waiter softly propelled chairs under Mr. Peebles and his guest.

On being informed by Monte that, so far, he had found nothing in cookery which he did not like, Mr. Achilles Peebles checked off a regal list of viands.

During the first courses Mr. Peebles was not so communicative as he had been on the street. He seemed contemplative. He now had his specimen satisfactorily arranged for study, and was seeking in his mind the best method of procedure. So it seemed to Monte.

The cowboy collegian was hungry. He had eaten no lunch. The choice, well-cooked food and the champagne warmed and soothed him. He was enjoying all this. He was content to await his host's pleasure in conversation.

No one of the many fashionably dressed diners seemed to notice Monte's picturesque outfit. But Monte felt it, just the same. He wished he were in evening dress—felt that it would add latitude to his present enjoyment. After all, this was life, he told himself. All about him were men the snap of whose fingers meant obedience to their wishes. This was the consequential life. A man of education and natural refinement, as he considered himself when put to the test, should live in a city and have money. Why had he been so keen to leave it? Why could not he begin at the bottom and work up to such a life as these men lived? He would do it yet. He would down this call within him which kept wooing him back to punching cows at forty dollars a month, or merely roving from camp to camp, gypsylike, disgracefully carefree.

But even as he dreamed, there grew in his vision a long, winding, dusty road, tracing sycamore valleys, shelving rocky canyons, climbing a fir-crowned mountain. There came the smell of campfires, the tinkle of mountain water, the distant, shrill gabble of a lone coyote.

Monte sighed; then he realized that Achilles Peebles was speaking.

"Suppose you tell me more about yourself, Mr. Dillon."

Monte blinked the dreams from his eyes and emptied the long-stemmed glass. Promptly the waiter was at his elbow, tilting the napkined base of supply.

"Well," replied the cowman, "I'm an enigma, Mr. Peebles. I'm 28, but haven't the slightest control of myself. I've had about half and half of following the trail and being civilized. I want to live a civilized existence, but the trail won't let me."

A short snort was Peebles' only comment. But there was interest in his intense little gray eyes.

Monte told of his present venture into the city and of his predicament. Then he generalized as follows:

"I was born in this State. I can't remember my mother. My father was a trader among the Indians. I can just remember my life on an Indian reservation up until I was 7 years old.

"When I was that age, it seems, my father sent me to live with an uncle in San Francisco. He didn't wish me to be raised with the Indian children of the reservation. The uncle was to keep me and educate me. My father, who had accumulated quite a little money, was to visit me frequently.

"He came but twice. Then he died. My recollection of him is very faint.

"He left his money to me, in care of my uncle till I was of age. This uncle managed to send me to college, where I was perpetually restless, but did little more for me. When I was graduated he confessed that he had invested my little wad in some unprofitable scheme, and that there was not a penny left.

"I took my leave of him and drifted about the West. I had difficulty in obtaining a position, and more difficulty in holding one when I had it. I soon became a rover and constantly required change.

"Finally I drifted into the cattle country. There, for the first time since my childhood, I found contentment. I've been a cowman—a saddle tramp—ever since. Except when I come on these periodical migrations to the city and try to reform. I get a city job; then everything seems to close in on me, and I'm obliged to rush back into the open air to breathe. And that's the way it's been since my graduation."

"Humph!" snorted Peebles. And Monte could not interpret it.

They were silent a little. Peebles broke the pause.

"I'm an ethnologist," he said. "I am a man of wealth and a hobby. I am not well liked. I don't care if I'm not. They wanted me to be a clergyman—my parents. I chose science. We argued about it half a lifetime. It soured me.

"But I stuck to my resolve—to my natural inclinations. I live—I enjoy life. Why? Because I ride my hobby, and don't care a fig what other people think. You should follow your natural inclinations, young man."

"I suppose," ventured Monte, "I might save money and make good as a cattleman, but——"

"Money! Money! Heavens and earth! You're modern, to say the least, Mr. Tongue-of-Angels. Making money isn't always making good. Living is making good. Choose your life and live it. Do your best, and you're a success. That's the simple secret of life. There are other successes besides money kings, thank God!"

"You fill me with hope," laughed Monte.

Peebles glared at him for his levity.

"Well, I'm not here to preach," he said suddenly. "And you're not here to be preached to. I brought you here to use you. If what you told me in the library is true—and I am inclined to believe it—I need you. I usually get what I need.

"My hobby is serpent worship. I've made the most exhaustive study of it of any man alive. I've studied it in India, Greece, China, Peru, Africa, Egypt, Mexico, and among the American aborigines. Somewhere, some day, I'll find the origin of it. Then I'll make people sit up. I am no doddering old bookworm, cracked and crazy. I'm a man of action, practical, sincere, determined. I will spend my fortune, my life, tracing serpent worship to its inception. People call me a fool. I am the wisest man they know. Because I have set myself a goal. Because I enjoy every moment I spend in working toward it. Therefore I live.

"Now that's me in a nutshell. Tell me what you know. If it sounds plausible, I'll engage you to take me down to the Lone Fir country; and if we are successful in adding to the knowledge of the world, I'll pay you so well that you will have no excuse to escape all this if you really care for it. Go on, now—what did you see 'not forty miles from the Lone Fir Rancho?'"

Monte summed up in his mind.

"There's not so much to tell," he concluded. "But you may get a lead from it.

"It was three years ago. I was punching cattle for the Lone Fir outfit. Grass was getting scarce, and the owners leased six thousand acres from the Government, on Yunque Mountain. They sent me and a helper over there with a bunch of yearlings to relieve the strain on their own grazing.

"Yunque Mountain is wild and picturesque. It's about six thousand feet above sea level, covered with forests of the pine family. There are no roads, and we had a time getting the cows to the green valley, or cup, at the very summit. But we accomplished it with little loss, and camped for the summer. We were twelve miles from supplies.

"The store was near the foot of the mountain, at the Unal Reservation. It's a small reservation—only about fifty families, I believe. I'm sure that what I saw on Yunque was done by Indians from Unal."

The dinner had arrived at the black coffee and cigars. The two remained silent while the monkey-capped cigar boy held a burning match to the tips of the fragrant Havanas.

"Go on," shortly urged Achilles Peebles.

"It was about the middle of August," Monte complied. "The deer season was open, I remember—tho that made little difference to Jess and me when we needed venison. I'd gone out early in the evening to reach a certain place where deer came for acorns about dusk. It was early, but the acorns were dropping. We hadn't had time so far to explore the mountain much. Long before I got to the oak trees I tried to beat thru a dense thicket, got well inside it, turned and turned, and then found I couldn't go on a step. And next I learned that I could't go back the way I'd come. I was lost.

"I wandered about for an hour, and got out just before sunset. I was clear of the thicket, but had no idea where I was. I started round the thicket to go back in the general direction of the camp. Then I ducked back into the thicket and watched."

Monte paused.

"Go on—go on, man!" urged Peebles. "What did you see?"

"There seemed to be two divisions of men in the dance.

"Yes, yes! How many in each division?

"Let me see—I counted. Fourteen in one, I think, and thirteen in——"

"Fifteen and thirteen! Think! Wasn't it fifteen and thirteen?"

"Perhaps. Yes, I believe that's right."

BE SURE and read "THE SERPENT'S BRIDE; or, AN INDIAN SECRET," in this issue. Look out next week for "THE CASK OF GOLD; or, JULIA'S TEST." Also a splendid new boys' story next week, entitled, "MOTION PICTURE BOYS; or, ON A CAMERA HUNT." They're good. Watch for them.

"The Antelope priests and the Snake priests!" cried Peebles so loudly that diners at nearby tables glanced their way. "They were dressed differently?"

"Yes. There was some sort of shrine—so I called it—made of brush."

"Yes—a kisi. Those were Hopi Indians."

"No—California. Mission Indians. I know——"

"Go on! Go on! Don't argue."

"Well, the fifteen circled and circled——"

"Just four times."

"All right, then—they circled four times, shaking rattles. I know those rattles. Cherry stones in tortoise shells. As they passed this shrine they tossed something fine——"

"Sacred meal!"

"All right. They tossed it into the shrine. There was a plank there. Each man stamped on it with all his might as he reached it, dropping the meal. Then the line formed and faced the east, shaking the rattles.

"Then the other bunch——"

"Yes, the Snake priests."

"Yes—then they got active. They made the circuits. And as they passed the brush hut they stamped on the plank and dropped a little meal. Then they lined up in front of the other outfit, and began singing their weird, moaning chants.

"After this there was more monkey business—I forget just the nature of it. Then the smaller bunch separated into groups of three."

"Yes, yes! A carrier, a hugger and a gatherer. Go on."

"I'm trying to. One set of three approached the hut. One knelt down——"

"The carrier."

"All right. The carrier knelt down before the hut. And out came a hand, passing a big snake."

"What species?"

"Can't say. I was too far off to see. The sun was low in the West."

"A rattler, do you think?"

"I really can't say. It was the color of a rattler that has been in the dust of a road, tho it might have been a gopher snake. Well, this carrier—as you call him—took the reptile. And what do you suppos he did with it?"

"Heavens and earth, I don't suppose!" snorted Peebles. "He put it in his mouth, tucked his paho, or prayer stick, in his belt, and began another circuit, with both eyes closed. The hugger grabbed him, or put a hand on his shoulder—customs vary with different tribes—and went with him. The gatherer followed. When the circuit was completed the carrier took the snake from his mouth and placed it on the ground. Then the gatherer threw sacred meal on the snake and toward the sun. When all the sets had done this——"

"Say, I thought I was telling you something," Monte interrupted.

"You are—you are. You're telling me that such a ceremony was practiced among the California Indians. It is fundamentally the Hopi snake dance. And the variations will prove of unbounded interest. You needn't go into further details. I prefer to see with my own eyes. One question: Do you know the Hopis?"

"No."

"They are in Arizona. I must look into this. When can you start?"

Monte laughed. He relished this; he was beginning to relish Peebles' abruptness and self-confidence.

"Tonight, if you care to."

"I can't get ready so soon. But it is the first of August. You say the dance took place about the middle of the month. We must go at once, and I shall be ready tomorrow morning. Shall we leave now? I am stopping at this hotel. I want you to register, too—at my expense, of course.

CHAPTER III.

AT SUNRISE Monte Dillon stood half-naked in the cold water of a stream plunging down from Yunque Mountain. With a stiff brush he washed from his gray saddle pony the accumulated dust and sweat of three days' journey. The burro, already cleansed and drying, nibbled at the willows near the water.

Monte's camp was at the creekside, surrounded by sycamores and elders. To the east rose Yunque Mountain, black and mist-hung, waiting for the sun. A half-mile to the west the turbulent mountain stream disappeared meekly and unresistingly in the sand of the mesa, with only a forest of paddle-palmed cacti to witness the surrender. Two miles north of the camp lay the Unal Reservation, smuggled serenely at the foot of the mountain, half hidden by its green cornfields and apricot groves.

That day would see the opening of the Fiesta de Santa Marie de Refugio at Unal. Hundreds and hundreds of the brown people of the mesa would make pilgrimage to this point during the next few days, to help the Unal tribe celebrate. Monte, too, was to be a visitor at the fiesta, but only to learn, if possible, particulars concerning the side issue on the mountaintop—the mysterious snake dance.

He had left Los Angeles three days before. Peebles' money had released his animals from the livery stable; Peebles' money had provisioned the alforjas; Peebles' money was now in Monte's pockets. Peebles had been detained in the city at the last moment. He had been intending to ride horseback with Monte. Now—so they had arranged—Peebles would come in an automobile. Out near the dusty road to the reservation, not far from the camp, screened from it by the trees, Monte had tied a red rag to a willow. Peebles was to stop when he saw this and search for Monte's camp. Monte didn't expect him for hours, but he continued to make ready for a grand entry into the fiesta.

He finished washing the gray pony and led him to the bank to dry. Then he took from an alforja a box of metal-paste, a cloth, and a bit of chamois skin. With these he polished the silver on his heavy California saddle and the five great silver conchas on the hair-tasseled, plaited-rawhide bridle, the pride of Monte's heart. There were ten silver conchas on the martingale to be made bright. After this came the silver bit and spurs. And the pearl-handled six-shooter also would receive its share of careful attention. Monte Dillon knew that in all equestrian California there was not such another outfit as his. It must be seen at its best when he made that triumphal entry at the fiesta. Monte knew Indians, too.

He was at the martingale when he heard the distant honk of an automobile horn. Monte scowled; it seemed a desecration. It was not a familiar sound in this country, for the roads were too rough to tempt motorists into its mysteries. It must be Peebles.

He rose, and, still half-naked, pushed thru the willows in the direction of the road. He paused and shouted. The honking of the horn answered him. He shouldered on thru the dewy foliage. At last he parted branches and peered out on the road.

Achilles Peebles, in a small runabout laden with a camp outfit, had stopped abreast the red rag.

"Hello, there!" greeted Monte.

Peebles sat still in the machine. Monte approached the car and stood at the door.

"You're early. Wasn't expecting you till nearly noon. Been driving all night? Run your machine to the edge of the road and come on in."

Peebles threw in the clutch, ran to the side of the road, and clambered out. Monte proceeded to lead the way, and presently the late arrival squatted familiarly at the campfire.

"I was kept right up to the last," he informed. "Then it was either a night trip, or failure to meet you as appointed. I got lost on the mesa. Have you anything to eat?"

"Sure. I haven't eaten yet. When there's water near my camp I always bathe before breakfast."

"That mountain water looks cold."

"Cold as ice. Better try it. It'll rest——"

"No, thanks. Hot coffee will suit me better, I fancy."

"Then we'll have coffee at once."

The ethnologist's intense gray eyes followed the bronze-skinned saddle tramp as he brought bacon, coffee, eggs and bread from the alforjas. Once or twice Monte heard him chuckling softly to himself.

Neither spoke at length, however, till the breakfast was consumed and they eased back with steaming black coffee and lighted pipes.

"I like this," Peebles remarked.

"I can't live without it," amplified Monte.

"I don't doubt it," the scientist rejoined.

Then they were silent a long time, looking up at the early sunbeams dancing over the leaves of the sycamores.

Peebles spoke. "What success do you count on, Dillon?"

"It's hard to say," Monte replied thoughtfully. "These Indians are peculiar people. But I know 'em pretty well—that is, California Indians generally—and I must say I admire 'em for many things.

"I don't know a great deal about the Unal tribe, however. I've been to their reservation only about a dozen times. Mostly for supplies, when we had the cows on the mountain—never mixed any with 'em."

"They're Catholics, I suppose?"

"Yes, on the face of it. But, like all the California tribes, they embraced the religion of the padres only conditionally.

"Hello, there!" greeted Monte.

The padres were wise. They saw that Catholicism would never supplant the old beliefs. So they merged the two.

"Now, this Fiesta de Santa Maria de Refugio, for instance; it's named after a Catholic saint, and occurs generally on or close to the regular feast day of that saint. But you'll see ancient Indian rites altogether in the religious ceremonies. You can lead an Indian, but he's hard to drive.

"I'm convinced that this snake worship is entirely on the side, tho I think the Indians who practiced it that time were from Unal. There were only about forty, I should say, on the mountain that day.

"You say the dance is out of place in California. Now I've been thinking: It seems to me that a Hopi has drifted out here some way and introduced his belief. He has interested a few. But he, like the Franciscan Fathers, was wise. He didn't try to supplant the old religion, knowing the uselessness of trying. So he has wedged in his ideas wherever he could. This snake dance is performed by his few followers, but takes place in connection with the present fiesta. It's sure a mixed-up affair if this is the case. Doubtless this Hopi is a medicine man, and gained his prestige by outdoing in tengalish the medicine men of Unal."

"Tengalish is the tribal word for witchcraft?" asked Peebles, taking out a notebook.

"Yes," said Monte, and spelled the word while Peebles wrote.

"Your theory sounds reasonable," said Peebles. "I had formed a similar one myself. But how are we to learn anything of this dance? I'm sure there is a secret ceremony which it will be impossible for us to see. No outsider has ever seen the inner rites of the Hopis. If so, he didn't live to tell about it. I'd give half I've got to get into one of these secret ceremonies. The mystery of what goes on there has been gnawing at my heart for years. What takes place outside is suggestive enough to fire the curiosity for the rites of the sanctum sanctorum."

"I know nothing about that," Monte told him. "But I get along pretty well with the mesa people. I speak quite a little of several of the dialects. I have a plan to try out, anyway. If it fails—well, we'll try something else."

"Tell me about it."

Monte remained silent a time, thoughtful. "No," he determined. "If you'll excuse me, I'll keep it to myself for the present, for certain reasons. You'll know what it is when you see me working it. I'll say that my careful cleaning of my outfit has something to do with it, tho. You'll understand."

"Humph!" snorted Peebles.

Silence settled. Then Peebles said:

"I'll tell you something, Dillon: Whatever this secret performance may be, there are women connected with it."

Monte gave the scientist a sharp glance, then fixed his black eyes on the rushing water.

"Yes, sir," Peebles went on, "I am convinced of that. Shall I tell you why? Because from the beginning of the world women and the serpent have been symbolized in combination.

"There's the story of Eve and the serpent, for instance.

"An old authority on Greek mythology tells us that on the Isle of Lisbos the people were directed to throw a virgin into the sea of Poseidon twice a day. The hero who tried in vain to save one of these was said to return later with a magnificent cup of gold.

"In Anam, a kingdom in Indo-China, two deified heroes were said to have been serpents born of childless women, who drank from a bowl of water into which a star had dropped.

"In Bombay the barrenness of a woman is often attributed to a serpent which the man or his wife killed in an earlier state of existence.

"Women were visited in their dreams by a serpent, according to data concerning the sanctuary of Aesculapius, at Epidaurus, an ancient state and great commercial city of Greece.

"That kings and rulers are the offspring of snakes is a well-known belief in India.

"There are tales from ancient Egypt of a young prince having been nursed by a woman with the head of an asp. There was another snake-headed Egyptian goddess bearing the name of Hih, or Hoh.

"The ancient Mexicans represented the first woman, 'the Woman of Our Flesh,' as accompanied by a male serpent. The principle deity of the Mexican Pantheon is Tomacatlcotl, a serpent. His female companion is Cihua-cohuatl, which is translated 'Woman of the [illegible]

"With the Peruvians the ruling deity was the serpent-sun, whose wife gave birth to a boy and a girl, who were in turn the progenitors of all mankind.

"I could continue for an hour with proofs from all over the world, past and present, that the inception of serpent worship is strongly connected with the association of a serpent and his human consort. My contemporaries in this field waste their efforts in trying to apply snake worship to a symbolical acknowledgment of the powers of wind and rain. Rain and wind have their places in all the cults, I am ready to admit. But the connection of woman and the serpent forms the only true basis for scientific research.

"And, now, as to serpent worship among the North American Indians. Let me tell you a Hopi legend. It won't bore you—it's short:

"A Hopi youth, one of seven brothers named from different colored corn, guided by a snake, visited the regions under the earth. He found people clothed in snake skins and was initiated into many strange ceremonials. His name was White Corn. Beautiful Snake maidens were dancing. The Snake chief 'took hold of a cloudy substance' and began pulling. A beautiful maiden called Bright Eyes appeared, and was given to the youthful White Corn.

"White Corn took Bright Eyes to his home in the upper world, and the girl was known as Tcuawuqti.

"When a drought came White Corn's people noticed that Tcuawuqti's prayers brought rain. She was asked to erect the rain-cloud altar of her own people. She replied: 'Not until a child is born.' The people knew her wisdom, for the child would be a rain chief.

"White Corn and his consort retired to a distant mesa, and after seven days returned with Tcuawuqti's offspring—seven snakes.

"In their great disappointment the people tried to kill the seven snakes; but an old man protected the family. Something unknown and mysterious happened afterward in this old man's house. The snake woman, her offspring, and the old man disappeared. The old man returned, but the snake woman—never.

"This legend, with its doubtful climax, I believe to be the foundation of the Hopi snake dance. You will notice in it

(Continued on Page 9.)

Miss Blunt, Detective

-:- Or -:-

Mystery Within Mystery

By Crittenden Marriott

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 32, August 11. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from newsstands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HURD MENAGE.

THURSDAY morning dawned bright and hot, as September mornings are prone to do. It also dawned early—another characteristic of a September morn. But it did not dawn any brighter or fairer or earlier than Wilhelmina Blunt. Late as she had worked the night before, the peep of day had nothing on her that morning.

When she waked it was too early to get up, and she lay for an hour or two, watching the daylight strengthen about her while she tried to assemble into a consistent whole the broken bits of information that she had collected the day before. She did not try to evolve a theory from them. It was too early to evolve theories—not because there were no clews to follow, but because there were too many. Nearly everything she had learned so far might be interpreted in at least two different ways—and some things in half a dozen ways. She must accumulate facts, facts, facts—negative and positive facts—before she could argue from them.

First, she must see Doctor Stackpole again and find out something about the Hurd menage—what Mrs. Hurd's plans were, when and where she expected to get her servants—if she intended to get them at all; and so on. She had not forgotten that Doctor Stackpole had declared that his observations on the Hurd family had ended, but she hoped that until he actually went down to Rochpelle to enter upon the case he would be willing to talk.

At as early an hour as she could expect to find the Doctor, she telephoned to his office, only to be told that he had not yet come down. A few minutes later she tried again and then again. At last she got an answer.

"Doctor Stackpole has just telephoned that he will not be in till late this morning," said the girl at the other end of the wire. "He left a message for—what is your name, please?"

Willie told her.

"Yes. The message is for you," answered the girl at once. "He said if you called up to tell you that he had entered into the arrangement he told you of yesterday, and had gone down to Rockpelle in consequence, and that he could give you no more information."

Willie hung up the receiver. The arrangement was, of course, to take charge of Mrs. Hurd's "case;" and the Doctor's haste to begin showed that he was as much smitten as ever. "There's no fool like an old fool," she muttered. "I don't know tho, after all. Mr. Hurd fell hard for the woman, too. Well, I'll have to go on down myself and see what this breaker of hearts looks like to one of her own sex."

Half an hour later she was on the train for Rochpelle.

Meanwhile the Doctor had been interviewing Mrs. Hurd. That is, he thought he was interviewing her. Certainly he inquired into her symptoms and prescribed for her jangled nerves. But in all other respects she interviewed him. Whether she did it from mere curiosity or from deliberate motive did not appear, but when she finished she must have known the state of things in the Fidelity office about as well as and perhaps better than the Doctor did himself.

The latter suspected nothing. He was in the toils of Dan Cupid, and could think of nothing that was derogatory to the object of his affections. As long as he could he prolonged the interview. Only when the lady gave unmistakable signs of a desire to dismiss him did he take his leave, promising to see her again the next day.

Once out of her presence, however, he began to worry. He could not believe that he had approved for insurance a man in the condition in which Hurd had proved to be; he could not believe that "that angel" could have had anything to do with a crime; and at the same time he could not conceive of any way to account for the positively known facts without her connivance. Perplexedly he walked on, staring at the pavement in front of him, not noticing at all where he was going.

Then, all of a sudden he walked bump into a woman.

Instinctively he jumped back and as instinctively he raised his hat. "I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed.

The woman, evidently one who worked for her living, drew back also. "Sure! It's grant it I will," she said. "But I'd rather you hadn't walked into me, so I would. Do you niver look foreninst you at all, at all? Is it always colloguin' with yourself as you walk down the street, that you are?"

The woman spoke lightly, but there was an undertone of pain in her voice that the Doctor recognized. "I was very careless," he confessed meekly. "I was worrying about sometning and——"

"Wirra! Wirra! Don't I know it?" broke in the woman. "Sure, worry was writ upon your face. An' now it's writ large upon the feet of me, so it is. Musha, but it's the heavy man you are!"

The Doctor sought in his pocket. "You must let me pay for a plaster for your foot," he said hesitantly.

As if it were this for which she had been waiting the Irishwoman broke into a broad smile. "Sure it's the gintleman you are entirely?" she said, as she clutched the bill. "Thankin' you kindly, sor. There's no plaster like money, so there's not."

The Doctor was relieved. He looked more closely at the woman. "Haven't I seen you before?" he asked doubtfully.

The woman laughed. "Sure! An' it's you that ought to know, sor," she said. "It's Mary Flanagan is me name. But beggin' your pardon, sor, may I be askin' you a question before you go? It's a stranger here I am, an' I've lost me way entirely. Is it yerself can tell me where Mrs. Hurd do be livin'?"

The Doctor, who had taken a step away, stopped and came back. "Mrs. Hurd lives very near," he said. "If you'll go straight ahead for about a block you'll see the gate to the place on your right. Did you come from Adams employment office?" He glanced at her dress. "Are you looking for work?"

"Sorra a bit am I lookin' for it," laughed the woman. "I've found it, so I have. The employment office sent me up. It's a charwoman I am, sor."

"Oh! I see! Well! I think you'll be welcome. The Hurds are in immediate need of help, I know. You are not one of the old servants, are you?"

"I've niver been on the place at all, at all. God save you kindly, sor! I'll be going now. Praise be that it's only a short length of the road I've got to go." With a bobbing courtesy she went on.

The Doctor stared after her doubtfully. "I wonder where the dickens I saw her before," he wondered.

The charwoman seemed not to be the only one who had responded to the Macedonian cry of the Hurd household. New York employment houses are usually not slow in finding and sending servants to empty places, tho the satisfactoriness of their sendings has been at times disputed. When Mrs. Flanagan limped to the kitchen door, she saw not only the gardener of whom Doctor Stackpole had spoken the day before, but also a cook and a Chinese laundryman. Neither the cook nor the Celestial seemed to know much English; at any rate, they seemed to understand little of what the Cockney gardener thought was English; and the babel of tongues was consequently appalling.

Mrs. Flanagan, however, did not seem abashed. For a moment she stood unseen on the step, listening, then she marched in. "Ah! What's the matter wid yees?" she demanded. "Sure, is it hired to work or to talk yees are?"

The three stopped their chatter and turned to look at the newcomer. The Chinaman, who was the most peaceful of the three, contented himself with a glance, and then, probably remembering difficulties that he had had in the past with people of Mrs. Flanagan's race, hastily resumed his work of arranging the clothes in his basket. The Swedish cook said nothing. Skillet in hand she stood staring stupidly. Only the Cockney gardener resented the Irishwoman's address.

"I sye," he grunted. "What's your little gyme? Strike me blue, but you're cocky."

Mrs. Flanagan grinned cheerfully. "An' how's dear old Lonnon?" she demanded. "Faith, it's glad I am to see one Christian about the place, so I am. Betwane Chinks an' Hunkers there's moighty little room for rale Americans nowadays, so there's not. It's charring I came to do. What'll be your job. An what sort of place is it here, at all, at all?"

The gardener smiled reluctantly. "I'm by way of bein' the gardener," he answered. "It's a good enough plyce, if you arsk me. But it ain't wot it might be. The people are French, or something of the sort, fresh from across the water."

"Frinch! The Lord preserve us. Frinch! Ah! Well, a body must live. An' where'll I be finding the mistress?"

The gardener was not sure, but he thought he could find her. Followed by Mrs. Flanagan he went into the house. On the way he confided that he had been at the place for ten days, but that he expected to leave soon. "I'm by wye of getting another job," he said.

Mrs. Hurd seemed glad enough to see the charwoman. Certainly she wasted no time in putting her to work. "This so huge house needs much cleaning" she said. "Begin you on the lower floor and work up. The cook will give you what you shall need."

Mrs. Flanagan nodded. "An' will I be after scrubbin' the floors, ma'am?" she asked. "Or is it only swapin' an' dusting I must do?"

"Sweep and dust today. Tomorrow you may begin to scrub." Mrs. Hurd swept away, leaving her new retainer alone.

Mrs. Flanagan stared after her for a moment, then with a shrug of her shoulders she started back to the kitchen to get broom and dust cloths from the cook.

The Celestial was still there, busied with his bundles, when she entered, and upon him she turned the vials of her wrath. "Faith an' haven't you any other place to sort clothes in but the kitchen?" she demanded. "Be off with you, you dirty baste! Is it manin' to live here you are? Haven't you any home at all, at all?"

The Chinaman looked at her and hesitated. He seemed not quite sure whether she expected an answer. Deciding finally that she did he spoke. "Yes," he said, in perfectly good English. "Yes, madam, I have a home. And I have a shop also. Permit me." From his jumper he drew a card inscribed "Won Lung, Laundry," and handed it to her.

For once Mrs. Flanagan was taken aback. "Saints presarve us!" she gasped. "Of all the——" She broke off, glanced at the card, and laughed. "Sure, the joke's on me, John, so it is," she admitted. "It's moighty foine English you spake. All you nade now is a touch of the brogue to make it perfect. I'll be droppin' in on you to give you a lesson on me way home the night, so I will."

The Celestial bowed. "You will be very welcome, Mrs. Flanagan," he said, shouldering his basket. "Good afternoon, madam."

Mary Flanagan watched him out of the door. "And I thought it was a haythen he was," she muttered. Then she turned on the cook and demanded the paraphernalia pertaining to the charwoman's trade.

She obtained it at last, after shouting herself hoarse in the effort to get the cook to understand her English; and then going thru a whole repertory of physical gymnastics she made plain what she wanted. Laden with many things, she went back into the house, after bitterly denouncing "a body who wasn't after knowin' the tongue that even a haythen Chinese could master." The cook, however, showed no agitation; perhaps this was because she did not understand abuse any more than she understood any other English.

Once upon the main floor of the house, Mrs. Flanagan paused and looked about her, as if pondering where to begin. She glanced into the reception-room, then into the big parlor, and finally into the library; and for some reason decided to begin there. In businesslike fashion she pushed the tables and chairs together in the middle of the room, covered them with sheets, turned up the edges of the rug about them, and threw open the windows. Then she grasped the broom and began to sweep. An instant later, however, she stopped and walked to the door of a small room that opened off the library and peered in.

"I'm thinkin' I'll have to begin here, so I will," she said aloud. "Sure! the room's a day's job in itself, so it is."

It was. The room, which was of course the one where Doctor Stackpole had seen Hurd's ruined portrait and which was a mixture of lounging-room, laboratory and "den," was in worse confusion than any other into which she had looked. Its condition was not quite so bad as when the Doctor had seen it, but no one could look at it and fail to suspect that it had been wrecked and then hastily set to rights by unskilled hands. The chairs had been set upright, and the center table was too large and heavy to have suffered much. But the smaller articles of furniture had evidently been badly handled. One of the window blinds had been torn down and, as if by afterthought had been rolled up and thrown into a corner. The doors of an expensive mahogany press against the wall swung outward on futile hinges that, as Mrs. Flanagan soon found, had been so wrecked that they could not be closed. A pane of glass in the bottom of one of them was broken, and tho the larger fragments of the glass had been removed, plentiful splinters still strewed the floor. A beaker of some sort had evidently been overturned, and its contents, tho long dried, had left a broad fresh stain to show where they had been. Hurd's portrait had been removed.

Mrs. Flanagan looked over the room and shook her head dumbly. Then she went to the table and scrutinized the mass of apparatus upon it. "An' what's

A Cry From the Canadian Hills

By Lilian Leveridge

The author of these heart-searching lines, a Canadian, wrote them for The Daily Ontario as a tribute to her brother, Private Frank Leveridge, a member of the Thirty-ninth Canadian Battalion, who died of wounds in France.

Laddie, little laddie, come with me over the hills,
Where blossom the white May lilies, and the dogwood and daffodils;
For the Spirit of Spring is calling to our spirits that love to roam
Over the hills of home, laddie, over the hills of home.

Laddie, little laddie, here's hazel and meadow rue,
And wreaths of the rare arbutus, a-blowing for me and you;
And cherry and bilberry blossoms, and hawthorn as white as foam,
We'll carry them all to Mother, laddie, over the hills at home.

Laddie, little laddie, the winds have many a song
And blithely and bold they whistle to us as we trip along;
But your own little song is sweeter, your own with its merry trills;
So, whistle a tune as you go, laddie, over the windy hills.

Laddie, little laddie, 'tis time that the cows were home.
Can you hear the klingle-klangle of their bell in the greenwood gloam?
Old Rover is waiting, eager to follow the trail with you,
Whistle a tune as you go; laddie, whistle a tune as you go.

Laddie, little laddie, there's a flash of a bluebird's wing,
O hush! If we wait and listen we may hear him caroling.
The vesper song of the thrushes, and the plaint of the whip-poor-wills,
Sweet, how sweet is the music, laddie, over the twilit hills.

Brother, little brother, your childhood is passing by,
And the dawn of a noble purpose I see in your thoughtful eye.
You have many a mile to travel and many a task to do:
Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, whistle a tune as you go.

Laddie, soldier laddie, a call comes over the sea,
A call to the best and bravest in the land of liberty,
To shatter the despot's power, to lift up the weak that fall.
Whistle a song as you go, laddie, to answer your country's call.

Brother, soldier brother, the Spring has come back again,
But her voice from the windy hilltops is calling your name in vain;
For never shall we together 'mid the birds and the blossoms roam,
Over the hills of home, brother, over the hills of home.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! "Somewhere in France" you sleep,
Somewhere 'neath alien flowers and alien winds that weep.
Bravely you marched to battle, nobly your life laid down,
You unto death were faithful, laddie; yours is the victor's crown.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! How dim is the sunshine grown,
As Mother and I together speak softly in tender tone!
And the lips that quiver and falter have ever a single theme,
As we list for your dear, lost whistle, laddie, over the hills of dream.

Laddie, beloved laddie! How soon should we cease to weep
Could we glance thru the golden gateway whose keys the angels keep!
Yet love, our love that is deathless, can follow you where you roam,
Over the hills of God, laddie, the beautiful hills of Home.

it all for?" she asked, aloud. "Whativer in the world is it all for?" Once more her eyes traveled around the room.

Finally they rested on the interior of the press. Something within it, at the exact spot that would be just behind the broken pane of glass if the doors were closed, caught her eyes, and she stooped and picked up a long queer-shaped piece of metal—something not unlike an awkwardly-shaped telegrapher's key. With somewhat surprising acumen she placed the apparatus upon the table and found that it fitted into place perfectly. As she did so her foot struck on something heavy. She stooped and picked up a heavy sausage-shaped bag filled with something that felt like sand. Her face grew stern as she looked at it.

Then abruptly her expression changed. Her whole figure bristled, as would that of a wild animal at the approach of an enemy. For a single moment she stood rigid. Then she flung the sandbag on the table.

"Begorra! And where did I put me broom?" she demanded, aloud, looking round her inquiringly.

Instead of the broom, however, she saw M. de Nemours standing in the door. "God save you kindly, sor!" she exclaimed. "I wasn't after seein' you come in, sor."

M. de Nemours advanced into the room. "It is that you would better go," he said. "Mrs. Hurd does not desire you any more. She have telephone the employment office, and they say that they have sent you not at all. You had better go now before I call the police."

"What?" Mrs. Flanagan seemed unable to understand. "An' is it me you're firing? Begorra. I'll tache you to spake respectful to a lady, ye frog-atin' Frinchman, so I will. Sure, it's not Mary Flanagan that wants the clanin' of your dirty house. Pay me my money an' I'll go. Sorra a step do I go without it."

M. de Nemours took a bill from his pocket. "Here!" he said. "Now, begone."

Still muttering wrathfully to herself, Mrs. Flanagan took the money and marched out of the room, head high and arms akimbo. To the kitchen she went, past the staring cook, and out of the house and down the walk to the gate and up the street.

She moved as if bound for some well-determined destination. The ignorance of the city of which she had complained to Doctor Stackpole semed no longer to trouble her. After a time she came to a trolley line. A car was passing. She hailed it and clambered aboard and rode for a block or two, then got off and, strangely enough, started away in a direction that if she had followed it long enough would have taken her back to the Hurd house.

But she did not follow it long. Corner after corner she turned, till one would have said that she had lost all sense of direction. Then suddenly she found herself in front of Doctor Maybury's house. With a quick glance about her she scurried up to the door.

Apparently Linda Maybury was waiting, for as Mrs. Flanagan hurried up, she threw it wide. "Come in! Come in, Miss Blunt," she panted. "Come in! Oh! Is it really you? I wasn't sure even after you telephoned. Come in! Have you learned anything?"

"Lots!" Mrs. Flanagan's brogue changed to Willie Blunt's treble. "Lots. But before I talk I must go upstairs where I can see. I don't think I'm followed, but I want to make sure. Passing Linda, she ran up the stairs.

Linda panted behind her. "Oh, Miss Blunt!" she cried. "Did they recognize you?"

Willie turned a laughing face from the window. "Sorra a bit at all at all," she giggled. "But they fired me just after I found a wireless key that I guess was the one that Mr. Hurd was using to talk to you with. He must have thrown it from him in the struggle." Willie said nothing about the sandbag. It seemed unnecessary.

"Tell me——"

"I haven't time. Nobody's following me, I'm sure. I've got to hurry away, I want to interview a Chinaman."

"A Chinaman?"

"Yes. A most remarkable Chinaman—one Won Lung. I don't want to boast, but to speak vulgarly, I think I've made a mash. He's got the entree of the Hurd house, and I've got an idea that he may prove valuable. . . . Oh! By the way, here are two bills that I blackmailed two people out of. Will you drop them into the contribution box at church next Sunday?"

CHAPTER VIII.
CELESTIAL AID.

MR. HARVEY was very glad to see Willie when she got back to town and to the Fidelity office. He had found the Hurd case fearfully exasperating.

Of course, sudden deaths did continually happen, and it was largely to guard against them that people bought life insurance. The fact that the Hurd policy was for a large sum and that very little in the way of premiums had been paid in on it was only what would happen—was expected to happen—once in so often. That was all allowed for. If the loss had been straightout, with no suspicious circumstances, the company would have paid it as a matter of course.

On the other hand, attempts to defraud the company were not rare. The directors had to expect a certain number of them each year. But they also expected their local managers to take habitual precautions that would automatically defeat these attempts.

The trouble with the Hurd case lay in its uncertainty. Was it an attempt at swindle, or was it not? There were plenty of suspicious circumstances about it; but, after all, what did they amount to? Even if Doctor Stackpole were able to swear that the man he examined was not Harry Hurd, what did that amount to? Harvey could imagine the opposing lawyers tearing all his evidence to pieces. The Doctor's story would be characterized as the effort of a careless physician to conceal his own neglect. Linda Maybury's story would be laughed out of court as the maunderings (or dreamings) of a jealous and disappointed woman. The wrecking of the wireless room, as reported by the Doctor, would be explained as the work of burglars or of international spies. Hurd had just been dickering with the British Government for the sale of wireless outfits, and the papers were full of stories, mostly preposterous, of similar "outrages." The only real argument that the Fidelity could submit was that the disease of which Hurd had died was so obvious on examination that even the most careless physician could not fail to detect it; and this was a mighty poor argument for a refusal to pay a widow the insurance left by her husband.

The circumstances, in short, were sufficient to cause Harvey and the directors of the company to suspect that the case was a swindle, but they were not sufficient to convince a jury of it, especially a jury in an insurance case. The case, in short, was just the sort of one that would exasperate the directors and cause them to demand a scapegoat—to displace Harvey in favor of some other man who might be expected to guard against such chances in the future.

Naturally, therefore, Harvey wanted either to be able to prove to the directors that the case was perfectly valid and above suspicion, or to prove to the police that it was a swindle.

Therefore he welcomed Willie eagerly. The moment she entered he dropped the Hurd application, which he had been studying, and jumped up to welcome her. "What news?" he cried.

Willie smiled. "Lots," she answered gayly. "I had the biggest part of it yesterday, but I simply couldn't get in to you. I was too busy. I've seen Miss Linda Maybury and she swears that Hurd called her up by wireless and told her that somebody was about to murder him."

"Wha—t?" Harvey's voice was amazed.

Willie smiled. "That's exactly what I said when she told me," she commented. "It does sound crazy, doesn't it? But it isn't. I haven't verified her tale yet, but I've found out some things that seem to corroborate it. Now sit down and let me tell you the story."

Harvey grunted. "Mighty willingly," he said. He led the way back to his desk and sat down.

Willie dropped into the visitor's chair beside the desk. Her sharp eye caught the words on the Hurd application and she picked it up and glanced at it idly, then laid it down.

"It's rather a long story," she prefaced. "I'll tell it in detail."

"Go ahead."

So Willie went ahead, telling of her interview with Linda and of her experiences at the Hurd house. "I didn't see the portrait," she ended. "But I guess it would have been useless. Doctor Stackpole says it was utterly ruined."

Harvey was breathing hard. "So he told me," he rasped. "He says it was burglars, and maybe it was. Why should the Hurds destroy it? What good would it do them? There must be plenty of other likenesses of Hurd in existence. We'll get them sooner or later. Suppose they do gain a day or two, what good will it do them? They must know they can't collect half a million dollars and run away with it overnight."

"Of course not! After all, I guess the portrait really was destroyed by burglars."

Instantly Harvey switched. "I don't believe it!" he cried.

Willie had been scanning the application blank that lay at her hand. Abruptly her eyes grew fixed and she drew a quick breath. Then she laughed excitedly. "I don't either," she agreed. "So let's suppose something else. Suppose it was destroyed accidentally by somebody who was trying to stop Hurd's wireless sending, and who smashed things considerably in doing it. Somebody certainly has wrecked that room badly."

"Then you think some one did stop him?"

"I'm supposing so—for the sake of argument."

"But—but—Hurd was married a few minutes later?"

"Was he?" Willie's tone was significant.

"Well, wasn't he?"

"Maybe so, maybe no. Look here——" Willie leaned forward and wagged her finger at Harvey. "Look here. You've been going on the assumption that either Doctor Stackpole was guilty of almost incredible carelessness, or that somebody substituted for Hurd between your office and his?"

"Yes!"

"Well! I'm not so sure. I can't figure out how substitution was possible—without Hurd's cooperation, anyway. And it occurs to me that possibly—I say possibly—the substitution was made earlier."

Harvey stared blankly. "I don't get you," he confessed. "Tell me what you mean in words of one syllable."

"I mean this. Are you sure that the man who applied to you was really Hurd."

"Sure! Why, of course I'm sure. I've seen Hurd often and——"

"Seen him! Yes! But how closely have you seen him? How often have you talked with him? How well did you know him? Are you absolutely sure that you could not be decevied by a reasonably close resemblance. Oh! Believe me, Fred, I don't want to be cruel, but——"

"Oh! You're right!" The sweat had crept out on Harvey's forehead and his voice had grown hoarse. "You're diabolically right. I've seen Hurd dozens of times. But I never 'met' him or spoke to him till he—or his counterfeit—came in here. When the man came in and introduced himself as Hurd, I recognized him at once—or thought I did. I never doubted that he was Hurd—never from that moment to this. And by Heaven"—Harvey thumped the desk—"I don't doubt it now! He was Hurd! I know he was! And yet—and yet—maybe he wasn't. Look here"—he turned on Willie fiercely—"what makes you think that he wasn't Hurd?"

"I don't really think so. Even the possibility didn't occur to me till a moment ago. I suppose it had been slumbering at the back of my head, but I didn't grasp it. But just now I looked at these papers"—Willie indicated the Hurd application—"and it occurred to me that the signature of the man you wrote up and that of the man Doctor Stackpole examined were marvelously alike—as like as if they were written by the same hand."

"Eh?" Harvey snatched up the papers from Willie's hand and hastily scanned them. "Of course, the second one is a good imitation," he rumbled. "It had to be. But——"

"It's not an imitation. The two are not merely alike. They're practically identical."

Harvey had found the signatures and was comparing them. "You're right," he breathed hoarsely. "You're right. I ought to have noticed it before. As a matter of fact, I did notice it, but I thought only that the second was a clever forgery. It never occurred to me that the man who came in here might be bogus, too. And, by George, I don't believe it now! I don't! I don't! How could a man fool me—or no, I won't say fool me, for I didn't know him well enough to be certain. But how could he fool everybody—dozens of people—Doctor Maybury.

"Doctor Maybury is nearly blind. And how many other people saw Hurd—people who really knew him, I mean?"

"Why, dozens."

"I'm not so sure of it. I've got an idea that mighty few people away from Rochpelle—or at Rochpelle for that matter—knew Hurd at all well. He seems to have been a mighty shy somebody, engrossed in his inventions. He was president of his company, of course, but he took little or no part in its management. Why! even the ship-news reporters on the steamer didn't know him till the purser pointed him out to them. And they found him very shy; he would scarcely talk to them."

"But the purser knew him?"

"Oh, yes! Of course. Probably plenty of people on the boat knew him. But who saw him after he came ashore? That's the question. The ship-news reporters say that he looked ill. Perhaps he was half drugged then. And perhaps he was kidnaped as soon as he landed. Perhaps he was kept prisoner in his own house and escaped to the wireless just in time to call up Linda Maybury, and then was overpowered while his substitute was being married to Corinne de Nemours——"

"His substitute? You mean the woman didn't marry Hurd at all?"

"I don't know whether she did or not? You mustn't take this too seriously. It's got to be investigated yet. I'm just theorizing. I oughtn't to do it—not out loud, anyway. It's a bad newspaper habit. Sherlock Holmes always refused to do it, you know. He kept everything quiet till he proved it, and then sprang it with a big hurrah. I guess I ought to do the same. Then you'd think me a 'wiz.' But I'd rather talk things out. This thing certainly does fit in, and I don't know anything else that does. It's too incredible to believe that Hurd could have been peacefully married two minutes after he sent that wild wireless appeal. But it's at least conceivable that Mrs. Hurd might have taken him with her to Chicago to die. That wouldn't violate the probabilities too severely, would it?"

Slowly Harvey shook his head. "No—o," he confessed. "It wouldn't. That is, it wouldn't be any more incredible than things we do know. But—but who did marry her if Hurd didn't? Where

The Truth About Corns

You have read much fiction about corns. Were that not so there would be no corns. All people would use Blue-jay.

Here is the truth, as stated by a chemist who spent 25 years on this corn problem. And as proved already on almost a billion corns.

"This invention—Blue-jay—makes corn troubles needless. It stops the pain instantly, and stops it forever. In 48 hours the whole corn disappears, save in rare cases which take a little longer."

That is the truth, and millions of people know it. Every month it is being proved on nearly two million corns.

So long as you doubt it you'll suffer. The day that you prove it will see your last corn-ache.

It costs so little—is so easy and quick and painless—that you owe yourself this proof. Try Blue-jay tonight.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay

Stops Pain—Ends Corns

Sold by All Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Total cost only $7.50 by Our 7 MONTHS TIME Purchase Plan

to prove to you that the magnificent Royal has the Sweetest, Purest, Loudest and Clearest tone—to prove to you that it is as large and handsome as the high grade trade machines that sell at $125.00—to prove to you that it has the strongest motor, the best reproducer and tone arm and the most ingenious devices to start, stop and control the music. Shipped with a supply of 10-inch double disc records of your selection, so you can enjoy the finest entertainments for one whole month. Return the outfit AT OUR EXPENSE if for any reason you do not wish to keep it. Drop a postal for our big list of unsolicited testimonials, record book and other literature. They are free.

G. H. DAVIS, 1-Z 4101 May St., CHICAGO

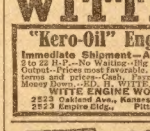
TO ANY WOMAN FOR GIVING AWAY 50 PACKAGES SOAP POWDER FREE

This beautiful fabricord leather, biscuit tufted, 22-steel spring parlor couch, over 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 8 in. wide for distributing (not sell) only 5 doz. pkgs. of our famous washing powder FREE among friends and neighbors, to introduce. No money or exp. needed. NEW METHOD CO., 728-734 N. Franklin St., Chicago

WITTE "Kero-Oil" Engines

Immediate Shipment—All Styles—2 to 22 H.P.—No Waiting—Big Factory—Big Output—Prices most favorable. Write for my terms and prices—Cash, Payments or No Money Down.—ED. H. WITTE, Pres. WITTE ENGINE WORKS 2223 Oakland Ave., Kansas City, Mo. 2523 Empire Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

I Save You $15 to $200



$2.50 A MONTH BUYS A Visible Writing L. C. SMITH

Perfect machines only of standard size with keyboard of standard universal arrangement—no Backspacer—Tabulator—two color ribbon—Ball Bearing construction—every operating convenience. Five Days Free Trial. Fully guaranteed. Catalog and special price sent free.

H. A. SMITH,
337-231 N. Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, address, secret memorandums or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., BLAIRSVILLE, PA.

did they get a double for Hurd. How——"

"Oh! There are lots of 'hows,' and 'buts,' and 'who's' that we haven't time to go into now. The first thing, the only thing, to do now is to find out whether it was Hurd who applied to you and who was examined by Doctor Stackpole. And there's only one way to find out."

"And that?" Harvey asked the question eagerly.

But Willie was not to be hurried. "Portraits and photographs are no good," she posited. "They're not to be relied on. As often as not they'll mislead you. The only thing that is satisfactory is to see the man himself. Therefore——"

"I understand. Therefore we've got to exhume the body."

"Exactly. And the sooner the better."

Harvey nodded. "You're right, of course," he said. "We'll try it. But it isn't altogether easy. The coroner can order an exhumation, of course; but he won't do it in the case of a man of Hurd's standing without mighty good reason. He's likely to refuse unless we will make definite charges; and if we do that the papers will get hold of the case, and then if we don't prove our charges, we're liable to be sued for about a million dollars damages for defamation of character or something like that."

"Can't we get the coroner to make a secret examination?"

"We can try. At least I can; and I will. There's one hopeful thing about it. I know the Rochpelle coroner well. I see him nearly every day. And his name is Schwartz. As you may guess, he isn't Belgian. He's an honest fellow and wouldn't willingly let his national prejudices sway him. But they'll count, all the same. He's a lot more likely to believe a man named De Nemours is a rogue than one named Von Hinderberg, for instance. I'll see Schwartz to night."

"Do!" Willie took command. "And the minute you get his consent wire to those Chicago doctors to come on; and tell Doctor Stackpole to stand by—don't tell him what for; he might talk; just tell him to be ready for a call. I'll tell Miss Maybury——"

"Miss Maybury? What for?"

"Oh! I don't know. I think it might comfort her."

"Comfort her? . . . She must be a queer girl if that's her idea of comfort. However, have her if you think best, of course." Harvey looked at his watch. "I guess I'd better take the early train and make sure of seeing Schwartz. Anything else you want to talk about?"

Willie shook her head. "Not unless you've heard from London," she said.

"I haven't. There's scarcely been time . . . Oh! By the way, I suppose you've arranged to keep watch on the Hurd house."

Willie chuckled. "I thought you had arranged for that," she remarked. "Doctor Stackpole tells me that you have agreed to his taking Mrs. Hurd for a patient."

"Eh! Oh! I beg your pardon! Confound a man who falls in love at sight like that. Why, he's positively crazy about the woman!"

"So I discovered. But what did you——"

"Because it couldn't have done any good to refuse. He'd have seen her anyway. By consenting we keep some control over him. And maybe we'll get some inside news about the Hurds. But we can't rely on that. You must keep watch, too."

Willie laughed. "Oh, I'll keep watch," she promised. "I've set a guard over the house—a—er—'Celestial guardian!'"

"Celestial? . . . Oh! Well, I suppose Heaven does always see you, but——"

"I didn't say Heaven! I said Celestial."

"Eh?" Harvey forced a laugh. "All right!" he said. "You're doing your best, I know. And if you've got Celestial aid—Oh, Willie! Willie!"

This interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

⁂

Many an illiterate man is able to make his dollar mark.

$1.95 Made to Your Order

Special Offer— to prove our fine quality; These fine Pants for Dress or Business, choice of many handsome styles, guaranteed for 18 months solid wear and satisfaction or MONEY BACK, absolute $6.00 value—while they last, one pair to a customer. Express prepaid $1.95 for only . . . PANTS

No Extra Charges

No charge for big Extreme Peg Tops or Cuff Bottoms, nothing extra for fancy Belt Loops or Pocket Flaps, no charge for Open Welt Seams or Large sizes—all novelty features Free — no extra charges of any kind.

Cash Profits to you for taking measures of relatives and neighbors. Young George Gabrielli made $66.15 in one day. Write for FREE samples today.

Chicago Tailors Association Dept. 3328, 515 S. Franklin St., Chicago

Send No Money

TRAINING HUSBANDS.

"Was that the young lieutenant that I saw you with in the lobby last night?" inquired the bookkeeper in a casual way.

"Yes—and he gave me an idea!" exclaimed the little stenographer elatedly. "Not that he knew it, but I thought it out myself and it's really some system. Instead of anybody getting married to escape service, I'm going to suggest military training for husbands."

"It sounds interesting," admitted the bookkeeper. "Sort of preparing for the fray."

"Let me explain," begged the little stenographer, curtly. Then she smiled pleasantly.

"You see," she said, "when a man goes to be a soldier he's not only got responsibilities, but he's got some one to see that he lives up to them. He can't let any one do them but himself, and if he puts them off or neglects them no one suffers for his sins but himself, either!

"When he gets to camp he learns a lot of rules—not pounded into his head in a pleading, tearful voice a dozen times a day, but simply tacked up where he can go look them up and then he's supposed to keep them and there's no excuse.

"He gets up when the call comes—and he has just so much time to dress and wash and he has to be at breakfast at a certain minute; no yelling downstairs that he isn't half shaved; no pounding on the floor for some one to come and find his pleated shirt or his lavender socks or his cuff links!

"And neither can he wrap his garments—any old dressing gown—around him when he goes to breakfast! He has to be fully dressed and pleasing to the eye, or he learns to do better next time! No spots on his clothes, no black shoes with khaki and no dust on any shoes. He wears his coat and everything else when he appears. It is a marvel for me to believe it of some of the boys I know who enlisted, but I understand it is true of all, without an exception. It is a modern miracle.

"And then, the wonderful way they learn to keep order. It would be good for more than merely husbands to take a course in it. I hear there is not a scrap of litter or paper in the recreation places, nor anywhere else, for that matter. When the signal comes, those appointed to the work get down and pick up things. They don't shove them into a corner with their feet, nor slip the cigar and cigarette ends into convenient flower pots—nor smile indolently as a gentle, obedient servant begs them to move while she sweeps around them. No, indeed; they pick up every thread, and they take it out where it is supposed to go, and there is peace to the eye.

"And then they learn to darn and mend and sew on buttons, and see that their own laundry comes back in time for their needs, and, oh, infinitely more things than I can think of at once!"

"But lieutenants don't do all that," assured the bookkeeper, eagerly. "They boss the other fellows and come home so used to bossing, say, honestly, you'd regret it all your days if you ever married a lieutenant! But, say, I've just about made up my mind my country needs me for a private, and I'd guarantee to learn all those things, so when I came back——"

"Dear me, there's the buzzer again," exclaimed the stenographer, grabbing her notebook. "I wonder what our manager wants me to do now."

⁂

Works of Genius.

"If you have a few thousand dollars lying around unused," remarked the man from Bushville station, "I can put you next to a very fine proposition. Have you?"

"I refuse to commit myself," returned the other man.

"Very well," said the man from Bushville station. "If you prefer it! That's your affair, not mine. I have a new scheme I'm developing at my conservatory at Bushville that will make millionaires of the choice few I let in on the ground floor. I've ridden with you so long on this suburban rattler that I feel sorry for you and want you to share my good fortune."

"That's very kind of you! What is the idea now?"

"Puncture-proof prunes. That is the grand idea!"

"Puncture-proof prunes?"

"Yes, sir; the greatest horticultural marvel since the advent of the seedless orange and the juiceless lemon. When my new puncture-proof prune is exhibited to the unexpecting-world there will be parades in my honor and other manifestations of good will toward me.

"Prunes to you probably seem a joke. The minute you hear the word 'prune' you immediately connect it in your mind with 'boarding-house.' The prune and the boarding-house have long been associated by nimble jokesmiths who were at a loss for something better to pun about. The jokesmith is the man who got the prune in bad.

"There are millions of pounds of prunes served daily in spite of the jests that have been perpetrated. There's a reason! Every one knows the nutritive value of the prunes. One prune contains as much nourishment as two eggs. A dish of prunes is equal to a sirloin steak in heat units, as the professors would say. And I'm speaking of the flat-chested, woebegone prune of the present day.

"My puncture-proof prunes will be entirely different. By a secret process I cause the prunes to swell up and retain all their natural juices and remain that way indefinitely. They will be very inviting and palatable-looking. A dish of them placed on the table will look like a bounteous repast. The public will soon take to the puncture-proof prune in preference to the old kind, and I'll have to build factories at Bushville to take care of the trade."

"The puncture-proof prune may be all right, Woodnut," put in the other man, "but why don't you turn your inventive genius to something more practical? A monskid banana peeling, for instance. I slipped on one of the old style this morning, and I bet I'll be limping around for a week."

⁂

Mixed Motives.

Mrs. Branson stared fixedly at her husband. "Mr. Branson," she snapped, "you certainly are the queerest person!"

"But be reasonable, Angela," Branson retorted, "a man can't be dragged out to some affair every night! What do you suppose we have a home for, anyway?"

"You know very well that you are not being dragged out every night," said Mrs. Branson. "All I want you to do is to pass the evening with me at Carrie Paxton's. I have to do it to advance my own interests. I want to be president of our club, and I feel sure that I can be—with her support."

"I'm not going anywhere tonight, and that's all there is to it," Branson returned, slipping into a comfortable position in the big Colonial chair. "It might be different if I didn't happen to work for Tom Paxton. If I go to his home he may think I want to cultivate him. And maybe he'd put in all the time talking shop. Let's stay home and be comfortable."

A ring on the 'phone interrupted them and Branson rose to answer it. He talked at the instrument with great good humor for fully five minutes. When he returned he was beaming.

"I say, Angela," he began, "Tom Paxton wants us to come over at once. Of course, I told him I would have to ask you. To tell the truth, I think we'd better make a point of going. Nowadays, in the business world, a man has to look out for himself. Perhaps a visit or two to Paxton's will make me solid with him."

Mrs. Branson rose brilliantly to the opportunity. "The idea!" she exclaimed. "A woman can't be taken out to some affair every night. What do you think we're paying $35 a month and quarterly interest for the rest of our natural lives for, anyway? A home is to stay in."

"But, listen, Angela," Branson pleaded, "this may mean advancement for me. I'd like to have a raise and Paxton can give me one. Come on!"

"No, thank you," Mrs. Branson replied firmly. "Carrie Paxton might think I came to fish for her support in the club. And, more than that, she might talk me half to death about her cooking."

Mr. and Mrs. Branson had not yet terminated their discussion when a ring drew their attention to the door. Mrs. Branson rose expectantly. Branson himself went forward to open it. There stood Mr. and Mrs. Paxton.

"We suspected that you felt too comfortable in your pretty home to run over to see us," said Mrs. Paxton, "so we have come to call on you."

"We're perfectly delighted!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Branson in unison.

⁂

They Buried Him.

"It is a rule, to which most good lawyers adhere," observed a well-known attorney, "never to tell more than one knows. There was an incident in a Western town where a lawyer carried the rule to the extreme.

"Counsel for one side objected to a person whose name was on the court's register for some purpose or other on the ground that he was dead. The counsel on the other side declined to accept the assurance and demanded conclusive testimony on the point.

"Whereupon counsel for the other side arose and gave corroborative evidence as to the decease of the man in question.

"'Well,' was the reply. 'I don't know. It's very difficult to prove.'

"'As I suspected. You don't know whether he's dead or not.'

"'No. But I know this—they buried him about a month ago on suspicion!'"

⁂

What She'd Do.

"A man who was traveling in the mountains stopped at a cabin and asked for a drink of water," says a man who sells hats. "An old woman brought it out to him, and after drinking he had quite a talk with her, telling her great stories about some of the wonders he had seen in the outside world. Finally, when he stopped to take breath, the old woman took her pipe out of her mouth and said:

"'Stranger, if I knowed as much as you do, I'd go som'ers and start a little grocery.'"

Are You Ambitious?

IF you have the right stuff in you, I will make you a practical, skilled auto-mechanic able to command a salary of

$5 to $15 a Day.

There never was an opportunity like the present. The war is stripping the country of skilled mechanics. The demand is increasing daily for high-class men. The right kind can get almost any salary. In my school you learn and become expert by actually doing the work. You do all kinds of machine shop repair work—forging, vulcanizing, ring fitting, everything. You have special training in magneto, storage battery, self starter, electrical equipment and every kind of repair and operating work. Nothing is overlooked. If you have it in you, I will turn you out a skilled, high-class auto-mechanic ready to drive and repair anything from a hospital ambulance to a farm tractor.

Send for my Big Free Catalog with full information today. Make more money and feel that you are a factor in the big things now doing. Don't delay for that means lost opportunity and lost money. The men are needed today.

E. J. SWEENEY, President.
SWEENEY AUTOMOBILE AND TRACTOR SCHOOL,
1108 E. 15th ST., KANSAS CITY, MO.

WANTED MEN! $75 TO $300 A MONTH!

Demand for capable automobile and tractor men far exceeds the supply. Our graduates secure good paying positions as Salesmen, Demonstrators, Factory Testers, Garage Managers, Drivers and Tractor Experts.

$50 Course FREE

Only six weeks required to train you in this great school. Most complete instruction. Instructors all experts. Enroll now and receive $50 Course in Tractor and Lighting Engineering Free. Write today for our big free catalog and $50 Free Scholarship Certificate.

KANE'S AUTOMOBILE TRAINING SCHOOL
Largest Auto Training School in the World
1028 Locust St., Kansas City, Mo.

BOYS—REAL AUTO FREE

Your Name Is all The Auto Boy wants—Don't Send Money

This dandy Culver Racer Auto will soon be given away to some boy or girl. You can get it without a cent to pay—it'll gladly tell you how. The Culver is a real automobile, built down to child's size. Has gasoline engine like the big autos—swift, steady, safe and easy to drive. You can easily learn to run it. If you want to be the first one in your county to own a Culver Auto write us right away. Write me a letter or postcard and say: "Tell me how I can get a Culver Auto Free."

THE AUTO BOY, 1701 Jackson Street, Omaha, Nebraska

$1 a week buys a Black Beauty Bike

You must see and ride a Black Beauty Bicycle to appreciate how really different it is. Its style, durability and speed defy imitation. PROVE IT at our risk.

Direct From Factory—On Approval

Let us send (freight prepaid) a Black Beauty on trial. If you don't like it return at our expense. If you do like it, you pay ONLY $1.00 A WEEK.

Guaranteed For Five Years by the Largest Exclusive Cycle House in America. Prices $19.50 up.

FREE—Black Beauty Color Catalog on request.

Haverford Cycle Co., Est. 1898, Dept. K, Phila., Pa.

Rider Agents Wanted

Everywhere to ride and exhibit the new Ranger Motorbike—completely equipped with electric light and horn, carrier, stand, tool tank, coaster-brake, mud guards and anti-skid tires. Choice of 44 other styles, colors and sizes in the famous "Ranger" line of bicycles.

DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 DAYS TRIAL. Send for big free catalog and particulars of our Factory-direct-to-Rider marvelous offers and terms.

TIRES Lamps, Horns, Wheels, Sundries, and parts for all bicycles—at half usual prices.

SEND NO MONEY but tell us exactly what you need. Do not buy until you get our prices, terms and the big FREE catalog.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. L-53 CHICAGO

$40 Motorcycle Bargains

Single and Twins. Hendersons, Harleys, Indians, Excelsiors, Cultures, Emblems, Thors, Popes. All makes guaranteed. A-1 shape, tuned up ready to ride. $25 to $100. Motorcycle tires $8. Lamps $5. Automobile tires $8. Bicycles $5. Tandems $20. Bicycle tires $1. Bicycles and motorcycles at Factory Prices. Old motorcycles taken in trade. Highest prices allowed for them. Swap in yours. Send for Catalog. Free. DEKINGER, THE PRICE CUTTER, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

PILES PAY IF CURED We pay postage and send FREE Red Cross Pile and Fistula cure. REA CO., Dept. 75, Minneapolis, Minn.

A Judge's Mistake

Or, The Wrong Trail

By Annie Brownlee Quimby

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 29, July 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XI.

THE next two weeks passed by very quickly. Wesley found his role of secretary a very pleasant one. The Judge was amiable and good-natured under all circumstances, the ladies entertaining and pleasant.

One morning Wesley rose earlier than usual and was about to start for a walk, when it came to him that he had never visited the stables. There would be no more convenient time than the present. So he strolled around to the rear of the house, and thru a gate in a high board fence, into the stable yard.

Bob and the stable boy were busy with currycomb and brush, for the Judge usually visited the stables before beginning the day's round of business. They had learned by experience that every bit of metal must be polished like a mirror, every strap must be in perfect condition, and spotlessly clean.

"Good morning," Wesley said, pleasantly. Bob was brushing Dixie's shining coat, and paused to look up.

"Good mornin', Ja—Wesley" Bob looked rather foolish. "Fine mornin', isn't it?"

"Very. That's a handsome little mount, Bob. Who rides her?"

"Nobody. You see she is not well enough broken for Miss Marion to ride, and the Judge has his own horse."

"That's too bad, for she's a beauty, and would make a fine lady's mount if properly subdued. What a little beauty she is!" He patted the glossy neck.

"Take care!" Bob cried, for Dixie's ears were lying flat on her neck.

"It's all right. I'm watching the signs—and the heels, too." He laughed.

"If you would like to see a real fine piece of horseflesh, just step this way," and Bob led him to a stall at the other end of the barn. "There is the finest set-up horse in San Francisco, and the wickedest one. They call him Satan, and the name suits him."

Satan was a black beauty, and in outward appearance there was nothing to suggest his namesake, unless it was the whites of the rolling eyes or the ragged-looking lids. But the instant Wesley advanced toward him the whites of the eyes became shot with lurid streaks.

"Fiery, eh? Who rides him?"

"No one. The Judge is afraid of him. He bought him for the races, but can't find a jockey who will ride him, I hear."

"Is that so? He doesn't look to be positively vicious. He is more willful and mischievous than vicious, I think. Let a horse once see you are afraid of him, and you may as well give up trying to do anything with him."

"Perhaps you're right, but I know he is not a pleasant horse to get along with. There have been only three men who have ever ridden him, so Jim here tells me." He jerked his thumb in the direction of the stable boy.

A light broke over Wesley's face as a sudden thought struck him. Why not try it? There could be no harm in trying. He could only fail, as the others had done. It would be a little diversion, at least.

"Do you think the Judge would object to my riding Satan?" Wesley asked.

"Ride Satan!" the groom exclaimed in astonishment. "Well, no, I don't think he would, but you can't ride that black devil. Besides, it's too dangerous to try."

"What sort of saddles have you?" Wesley asked, eying the long black limbs and well-set head.

"You really mean it?" Alarm and admiration were mingled in Bob's tones.

"Of course I do. I have ridden wild horses before and lived to tell the tale. Don't look so scary," Wesley laughed. "I won't do a thing to Satan, and I'll vouch that he doesn't inflict any serious injury on me."

"If you're determined, then, you'll find the saddles in the harness-room." Bob indicated a door that led into a small room in the rear.

Wesley chose a hooded bridle with a strong bit and stout, heavy reins. Then he carefully selected a saddle with a strong, wide girth, a stout bellyband, and stirrups that were made for use rather than ornament.

"Now, Bob, if you'll bring Satan out, I'll dress him up in these," Wesley remarked.

"Oh, Lord!" grinned the stable boy, who was standing open-mouthed with wonder. "There will be something doing now!"

Bob brought out Satan, and the latter snorted when he saw the bridle on Wesley's arm.

"There hasn't been any one on his back for months. Look out for the brute!" Bob warned. "I don't believe you can get that bit in his mouth. He'll bolt, sure."

"Whoa!"

Satan had suddenly taken the notion to back into the yard without permission. Wesley had him by the forelock. The animal reared and snorted. Wesley gave him a smart cut on the jaw, and before he had recovered enough from his surprise to resent it, he was champing the cold bit. He reared, and Wesley caught him by the nose, as well as close under the neck. Satan came down trembling with wonder and rage.

"Here, Bob! Hold him like this!" cried Wesley. The other quickly complied. "That's it. Now, hold hard."

The saddle was thrown over Satan's glossy back, and he waltzed and sidestepped, forward and back, but to no avail. Bob held him fast. He shook his head and champed the bit angrily, but Wesley had seen all that many times before, and it did not disturb him. The bellyband securely fastened, the young man leaped lightly into the saddle and adjusted the stirrups to his satisfaction.

"You may let him go now, Bob."

Satan stood perfectly still. Then he shook his head, and chewed the bit, but would not budge an inch. Wesley spoke soothingly to him, and patted his glossy coat. Then he touched him lightly on the flank with the whip. Immediately things began to happen. The horse reared, kicked, plunged and waltzed about the yard for the next five minutes. Then he noticed the open gate, and went thru it like a whirlwind.

Bob and the stable boy began to shout. The entrance gate was closed, and Satan was headed for it like a cyclone.

Judge Gray and Marion were coming down the walk, when Satan shot by them like a black shadow and Wesley's hat rolled in the dust at their feet.

"Well, I'll be——" the Judge began, stopping with a jerk.

"What does it mean, papa? Isn't that Mr. Orton on Satan?" Marion asked anxiously.

"Bravo!" cried the Judge, as Satan cleared the gate with a good twelve inches to spare. "By George! That was well done."

"But, papa, why is Mr. Orton riding Satan? He will surely be killed." Marion's face was white and her voice strained and hoarse.

"Not a bit of it, puss. Just see the way he took that gate. A professional jockey couldn't have done it better. How in the world did it happen, Bob?" the Judge asked, as the groom came forward. "Does Orton know what a vicious brute Satan is?"

"Yes, sir. I told him. But he seemed to think he could ride him," Bob replied.

"And he'll do it, too," the Judge chuckled.

Mounting the steps he could see a cloud of dust in the distance.

"Get me my field glasses, please, Marion. I must see how he is getting on."

Far down the road could be dimly seen a horse and rider. Satan was having the run of his life.

"Satan is going some, but Orton seems to be taking things coolly," the Judge remarked. "You had better mount Dixie and follow, Bob. You never can tell what might happen."

"Oh, papa! You don't think——" Marion cried, and her voice broke.

"No, I don't think any harm will come to him," he replied, thoughtfully stroking his chin, and too occupied to notice her unusual agitation. "Satan is a powerful animal and difficult to control, yet I have an idea that Orton will subdue him."

As Satan made that wild break for the road, Wesley threw his whole weight against the reins. The effort had little or no effect against the horse's mouth. Over the gate they went, and down the road. Satan tried to get his head down, but Wesley checked him just in time. With legs stiffened in the stirrups, and breath coming in gasps, he wondered how it would all end.

On, on, with the thud of Satan's hoofs sounding like a snare drum. Wesley began to enjoy it. There was a level stretch of road for a couple of miles ahead. He would let the brute wear himself out; he would then be the more easily conquered. The salt breeze was in his face, the flying pebbles and the dull pounding of the horse's hoofs became exhilarating. Satan was running away in earnest, and Wesley was willing that he should.

After perhaps three miles had been left behind, Satan began to show signs of growing weary of the game, but Wesley urged him on for a couple of miles more. Then he began to saw cowboy fashion, and to use his knees. The animal felt the pressure to be most uncomfortable. He pranced and shook his head wickedly. He was being hurt, and he was very indignant.

There was another wild spurt of speed, but the merciless knees harassed him, while the cruel iron in his mouth had become a torture. His gait was broken, but his spirit was not. He would teach that man on his back a lesson. He pranced and reared, and his black heels cut the air, but the man still remained on his back. Satan couldn't understand it. Such a thing had never happened to him before, and he grew worried. His four feet came together, and he was about to try to dislodge the man on his back by a roll in the dust, when a sharp cut across the knees brought him to his feet in an instant. He wheeled about, and began to retrace the ground he had just covered.

His nostrils were dilated, his sides heaving, but his rider was merciless, and thumped him over the ears. Then, when he began to show real distress, a soft caressing hand stroked his glossy neck, and a soothing voice said:

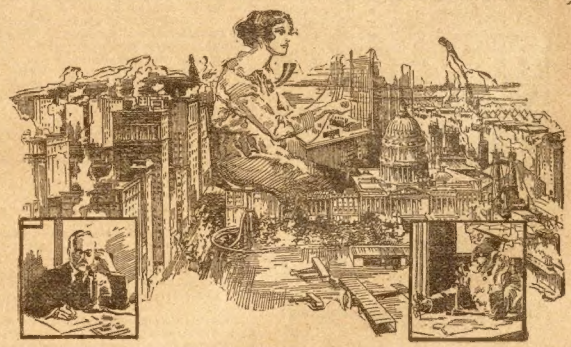
"Whoa, Satan! Whoa! Steady, old boy!"

But Satan refused to be friendly. He could not so readily forgive an enemy. However, he was beginning to understand, as all animals must, sooner or later, that man is supreme and commands obedience. Gradually his pace slackened and his head drooped. Foam dripped from his nostrils and spattered the leg of Wesley's trousers; it was flecked with blood.

They were nearing home now, and after a short respite Wesley started the horse into a sharp trot. It was something new to Satan to allow mere man to compel him to go; heretofore man's greatest effort had been to compel him to stop. He was a wiser and a sadder horse than when he had left his cozy stall an hour before. He had become almost docile, and obeyed the reins without protest.

Bob, mounted on Dixie, was an admiring witness of Satan's downfall. He had joined them soon after they started on the return.

Judge Gray and Marion were anxiously waiting their return. As Satan



Answering the Nation's Call

IN this "supreme test" of the nation, private interests must be subordinated to the Government's need. This is as true of the telephone as of all other instrumentalities of service.

The draft for war service which has been made upon the Bell System is summarized in a recent Government report.

Government messages are given precedence over commercial messages by means of 12,000 specially drilled long distance operators all over the country.

The long distance telephone facilities out of Washington have been more than doubled.

Special connections have been established between all military headquarters, army posts, naval stations and mobilization camps throughout the United States.

More than 10,000 miles of special systems of communication have been installed for the exclusive use of Government departments.

Active assistance has been given the Government by the Bell System in providing telephone communications at approximately one hundred lighthouses and two hundred coast guard stations.

Communication has been provided for the National Guard at railroad points, bridges and water supply systems.

A comprehensive system of war communication will be ready at the call of the Chief Signal Officer, and extensive plans for co-operation with the Navy have been put into effect with brilliant success.

As the war continues, the demands of the Government will increase. And the public can help us to meet the extraordinary conditions by putting restraint on all unnecessary and extravagant use of the telephone.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

Boys! Earn $1.00 to $5.00 a Week

selling The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger, The Farming Business and Uncle Sam, and Lone Scout. These are the greatest weekly papers, and people in every town want some one they can buy from each week. We send the papers all in one bundle so that they come to you at one time, on Friday. You have a paper to sell to every man, woman or boy. Easy to sell and build up a route of steady customers. Only one report for you to make out each week. You make 2c on every nickel you take in for sale of Blade, Ledger, 1c on each sale of The Farming Business and Uncle Sam, and 1c on each Lone Scout you sell. You can't lose. You don't send us any money until you sell the papers. Each active agent for our papers is appointed a Lone Scout by Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts, who sends badge and certificate of membership and a booklet of instructions in this great organization. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit. We tell you how to get customers.

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL. Send This Coupon Today

I accept the agency for your 4 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. I will be pleased to receive my certificate of membership in the Lone Scouts and badge and booklet of instructions from Chief Totem.

Name .....

Street or R. F. D. No. .....

Age .....Town .....State ..... L. S.

trotted slowly up the drive, with drooping head and foam-flecked coat, his sides still heaving and nostrils dilated, the Judge went down to meet them. He patted the sleek, glossy coat and blood-flecked nose, and Satan was too broken in spirit to resent such patronizing conduct.

"You have subjugated him entirely, Orton. How in the world did you manage it?" the Judge finally asked, admiration in his tone.

"It was not so very difficult. He was just in the mood to expend all his energies in a mad run, and I humored him. When he had spent himself he was all the more easily conquered."

"It was a hard-fought battle, tho, I'll wager," and the Judge pointed to the blood-flecked nostrils.

"Yes, it was a valiant battle, and Satan proved a courageous warrior. He would not desert his colors until victory was impossible. He is a noble horse!" Wesley cried with pride.

"You are sure he is quite subdued?"

"Yes, quite. See!" and he wheeled Satan around and trotted slowly down the drive and back again. He wheeled him first to the right and then to the left. The horse obeyed the slightest pull of the reins.

"Well, I'm glad you have conquered him. I was thinking of selling him, but I shan't now. Gad! You ought to have seen the way he took that gate, and a good twelve inches to spare. It was splendid!" the Judge cried.

"It was that, all right. For a moment I felt some of the thrills a birdman must experience when sailing thru the heavens." Wesley laughed, and the Judge chuckled gleefully, also.

Marion had not uttered a word. She was standing on the steps, a faint smile playing over her white face. Wesley looked up, their eyes met, and some subtle unnamable thing caused them both to blush and look away confused.

The stable boy took Dixie, and Bobled Satan away to the barn.

"I hope you have acquired an appetite by this time, Mr. Orton?" Marion observed, as she led the way to the dining-room.

"I confess I have, and I warn you that you are apt to find it a most extraordinary one," he replied laughingly.

CHAPTER XII.

SEVERAL weeks passed by without any event of importance taking place. Wesley was busy in the library on private work for the Judge, or occasionally at the office when there was an especial rush of business on hand.

The time had passed quickly and pleasantly. There was only one shadow in his sky during this time, and that was the Judge's pretty daughter. Somehow or other, things had changed between them since the morning of his ride on Satan.

There were no more pleasant careless talks between them, no more delightful discussions of the books they had read or of the pictures they had seen. Music was a forbidden topic, tho they both loved it dearly; but music has a way of leading into dangerous ground.

Wesley would sometimes put aside his work impatiently and take a few turns up and down the room. The beautiful, smiling face of Marion would always come between himself and his work. For weeks he could not understand—or would not—what ailed him. Then, all at once, the truth dawned upon him. He was in love with Marion Gray! In love with his employer's beautiful daughter! He, an escaped convict! The irony of it made him smile. He might as well aspire to the hand of some royal princess; she was about as far removed from him.

Then he grew serious and bitter. Fate was playing him a hard game. What would his kind and considerate employer say to his presumptuous love? He, the penniless outcast whom the Judge had taken into his home—the man in whom he had placed such implicit trust, whom he had treated almost as a son!

We thought long and earnestly over the peculiar situation. His predominant thought was of his apparent ingratitude, altho he was conscious of none. The Judge would think of him as without honor or principle, if he knew, and he would regret the kindness shown the outcast. And Marion—well, she must never know. She should never know! He would die rather than confess such a hopeless love! He would smother the tender passion before it had a chance to burst into a flame. His soul might sicken and his heart ache, but she should never know it. Her pity, her contempt would kill him. In the future he would avoid her, for that way only salvation lay.

As the weeks passed by, the one absorbing thought of his life was to avoid and forget the Judge's beautiful daughter. He was so absorbed with this thought that at times his conduct was almost rude. His own troubles loomed so large that he failed to notice the change wrought in Marion. Their avoidance of each other, he naturally supposed, to be the result of his own determined effort.

If Wesley had changed, Marion had changed even more in a few weeks. The once happy, light-hearted girl had grown strangely pale and listless. The dark circles under her eyes told of sleepless nights. The happy, impulsive, spoiled Marion was changed into a very quiet and demure young lady. Wesley seldom spoke to her directly, if it could be avoided. If he looked at her directly, her eyes sought the floor, and if her hand trembled or her heart fluttered, no one knew it but herself.

She saw and understood—or thought she understood—why Wesley was so determined to avoid her. She told herself that in an unguarded moment he had read something of her secret; hence his strict determination to avoid her. He could not return her love, and he was too honest to pretend to. Well, he need not be afraid. She would never try to force herself upon him, no matter how great her love might be. She could suffer and be silent. So her cheeks grew thinner, her eyes brighter, and her laugh was seldom heard.

It never occurred to her that he was avoiding her for the very reasons that she was avoiding him. The difference of their stations of life never presented itself to her as a reason for his strange conduct. She never dreamed that it was a great love for her that compelled him to feign indifference.

Marion spent more time with her mother than ever before, and her sympathies were more acute. There was less impatience and more of tender solicitude for the fragile little mother.

One day, while reading to her mother a particularly touching description of a young girl who had faded away and died as the result of unrequited love, she suddenly threw the book down and burst into tears.

"Why, Marion, what is the matter?" Mrs. Gray cried in alarm.

Marion's fierce, wild sobbing was the only reply.

Mrs. Gray left the couch where she had been reclining, and put her arms about the girl. A light had suddenly burst upon the mother's mental vision. She understood now why Marion had changed so unaccountably, why she had drooped and faded before her very eyes. The trouble was mental, not physical, as she had begun to fear. Marion loved some one, but felt that her love was not returned.

The older woman wondered in a vague sort of way who this some one could be. Marion had many admirers, but she had never seemed to favor any particular one.

"Marion, who is it?" she asked softly, her tender arms about the girl. "Yes, I know, I understand," she went on, as the girl gave her a startled glance.

"It's nothing, mamma! I'm just nervous and—and want to cry. It's silly, I know, but I can't help it," Marion sobbed.

"Don't try to deceive me, child. I know there is some one whom you love even better than your mother or father. Who is it, dear?"

"I can't tell you, mamma! I really can't! Oh! I am so miserable, I wish I could die!" she wailed.

"Be sensible, Marion," the mother pleaded. "Remember that when sorrow comes into a girl's life she should confide in her mother. No one can understand or sympathize like a girl's own mother."

Marion laid her head upon her mother's shoulder and sobbed as if her heart would break. Mrs. Gray wisely remained silent for a time; presently the sobs grew less violent, and finally almost ceased. Then Marion raised her head half-defiantly. There was something of the old self about her that gladdened the mother's heart.

"You'll think me crazy, mamma, but I can't help it. I love Wesley Orton better than my own life, and he doesn't care a straw for me."

"Marion!" the mother cried, and wound her arms about her daughter. "It is only a fancy. You will get over it, dear." Gently she patted the girl's hand. "It's fortunate he does not love you."

"Fortunate? Why, mamma, how can you speak so? I consider it the most unfortunate thing that could befall a girl, to love and have her love unreturned."

"Ordinarily it is so. But this is a very different case. Mr. Orton is poor, and is only your father's secretary. You could never be his wife," and the mother smiled at the wonder on the girl's face.

"Why, mamma, how strangely you talk. If Mr. Orton loved me as I love him, I would certainly marry him!" Marion cried.

"You silly child! You don't understand such things," conciliatingly remarked the mother.

"You can't deny that he is a gentleman, mamma? And as for being poor—well, papa was poor once, you know."

The mother winced. The trend of argument did not suit her fancy. She had counted so much on Marion's marriage, assuring herself that it must be with a man of wealth, and high social standing. It was fortunate that she had discovered this little affair in time. She would speak to the Judge at the first opportunity.

"Don't think any more about it, darling," she said soothingly. "You are sure Mr. Orton is not aware of your—your infatuation?"

"I sometimes think he suspects, but he hates me—I know he does," and there was a cruel catch in her throat. "If I enter a room he always finds some pretext for leaving it, and he never speaks to me if it can be avoided. Oh, I know he despises me!" There was a fresh outbreak of sobs.

"Don't take it so to heart, Six months from now you will laugh at this ridiculous fancy."

"It's not a fancy—I wish it were. It is reality, grim and terrible, and it makes a coward of me."

Mrs. Gray watched her daughter's pale face for a minute, and doubt crept into her soul. Would her fond dreams be shattered?

She found no opportunity to confide in her husband, as he was called away immediately after dinner.

"Oh, by the way, Orton, what will you take for that thousand shares Simpson gave you?" the Judge asked the following day at dinner, a peculiar twinkle in his shrewd gray eyes.

"I believe Mr. Simpson said they were worth a dollar a share," Wesley replied.

"Yes, six weeks ago. Today they are worth ten dollars a share. Your thousand shares are worth ten thousand dollars. You're a lucky dog, Orton. There is a prediction that they will double in the next few weeks."

Wesley stared at the Judge. He could scarcely believe what he had heard.

"You really mean it?" he asked, and the Judge laughed.

"Certainly I mean it. Why don't you jump up and throw things around, if you feel like it?"

"I feel like it all right, but out of respect for Mrs. Gray's china I'll refrain. How did they happen to take such a jump?" he asked eagerly.

"They struck a three-foot vein of pure silver, I hear, and the indications are that the stock will soar higher. Simpson is enthusiastic over the prospect."

Wesley's eyes were sparkling, and a bright spot burned on either cheek.

"I am beginning to feel something of what it must be suddenly to acquire vast wealth." He laughed softly.

"Want to sell out?" was the bantering query.

"No, it hasn't reached that stage yet."

Wesley glanced across the table at Marion, but she went on calmly with her dinner. Nevertheless he thought he caught a reproachful glance from the corner of her eye.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Orton," Mrs. Gray began. "It must be very nice for you to come into such a nice little fortune."

The words were said in a kindly enough way, but somehow they hurt.

"I hope you will accept my congratulations, also, Mr. Orton. I am sincerely glad of your good fortune," Marion added.

"Thank you. It is very kind of you ladies to take such an interest in my welfare," Wesley murmured, touched by Marion's sincerity.

This novel and unusual story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. Read it. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

KEEPING COOL.

"If there is any sort of person I cannot stand," stated the girl who likes to talk, "it is the individual who sets out to make a mission of keeping cool in summer! He is exactly as obnoxious as the human creature who takes cold plunges in the dead of winter and boasts of it. And a lots worse nuisance than the one who can't eat strawberries and is proud of it, or the one who always has to go North August 1st, to escape hay fever!

"Why should you be cool in summer, anyhow? Why shouldn't you resign yourself to being damp and red and miserable and forget it? When I was a child I spent summer vacations out in Iowa—which is the place the Biblical fiery furnace was copied after. The desert of Sahara at noon on its hottest day of the year has nothing on one of those spacious valleys between the low, rolling almost hills that make up Iowa! There is no breeze and the heat positively glitters and shimmers in the air. If you walk out in the middle of a cornfield you actually can hear the corn growing. It has either to grow or blow up and evaporate, so I suppose that it takes the easiest way out.

"The inhabitants of Iowa at such times crawl around," continued the young woman who likes to talk., "when it is absolutely necessary for them to move, looking like lobsters broiled or fricasseed red flannels. But do they kick and sob and moan? They do not! They sing a little hymn of joy all the time and the refrain is, 'This is so good for the corn! So good for the corn!'

"That's where I learned how to endure hot weather," proceeded the girl who likes to talk. "I wish my aunt had had the same training! Aunt Angeline is one of those people who set out desperately on May 1st. to be cool, and she works so hard at it all summer that the atmosphere surrounding her maintains a uniform temperature of about 110 the entire season.

"There is no sense,' Aunt Angeline will say as she fans herself vigorously, 'in suffering from hot weather! It is just a matter of not thinking about it! Of course, a person must use common sense and keep out of the sun and not exercise and be careful what he eats!' Then the rest of the day she works hard following her own advice.

"'Oh, Johnnie,' she says to her small son, 'you run over to the grocery and get some sugar—I simply can't get out in that awful sun! I never saw such a hot sun! Children don't mind it. I really thought I'd have sun stroke when I stepped off the porch earlier this morning! I can't think of a thing to have for luncheon! I mustn't order meat, and I hate eggs, and we've had so much salad. Still, they say salad is the best thing one can eat. I must think of my family's health! I consider it a positive crime to neglect your family's health in hot weather. And this certainly is a hot day! I don't know when I've seen a hotter day! Why, I'm so warm it seems to me I'll die.'

"Then I peer over the edge of the hammock where I'm peacefully reading, with the perspiration trickling down my nose, as it has a right to trickle in summer weather, and I say, 'No—yes—what is it?'

"'I've been having a perfectly comfortable time, but Aunt Angeline won't let me continue.

"'I think I'll make some lemonade,' she says. 'I think there's nothing like lemonade on a hot day to make you forget the heat! Or maybe limes would be better! Then I believe I'll sit perfectly still and see if I can't cool off! I'm afraid I'll get my blood overheated and that something dreadful will happen to me. I don't know when I've seen a hotter day. How can you stand it? I believe I'd better put on a negligee and lie down. But if I do that I'll have to go upstairs, and it's hotter upstairs! Doesn't that hammock make you warmer? I should think you'd be cooler in the wicker chair! Wouldn't you be cooler in the wicker chair?'

"By this time I've lost all track of what I was comfortably reading. I get up and deliberately walk across the hottest, sunniest part of the tennis court, pursued by Aunt Angeline's wails to the effect that I'll get a sunstroke, and why on earth don't I stay in the shade and keep cool? By this time she is a damp, nervous wreck. When the men come home to dinner at night she says it's been a perfectly dreadful day, and she hasn't done a thing but try to be sensible and keep cool!

"I'm sure I don't know what Aunt Angeline would do," ended the girl who likes to talk, "if the thermometer never rose above 70 in the summer! She'd be perfectly miserable because her occupation would be gone!"

Why She Wept.

Bill Sprague kept a general store at Croyden Four Corners. One day he set off for New York to buy a lot of goods. The goods were shipped immediately, and, as Bill had lingered in New York, sightseeing, they reached Croyden Four Corners before him. The goods, in an enormous packing case, were driven to the general store by the local teamster. Mrs. Sprague came out to see what had arrived, and, with a shriek, tottered and fell.

"Oh, what's the matter, ma'am?" cried the hired girl.

Mrs. Sprague, her eyes blinded with tears, pointed to the packing case, whereon was stenciled in large, black letters:

"BILL, INSIDE."

Ground for Trouble.

A demure-looking little man approached the haughty clerk in a grocer's shop and meekly asked if he had any coffee to sell.

"We have ground coffee," said the man.

"No other kind?"

"None. This is the best ground coffee on the market."

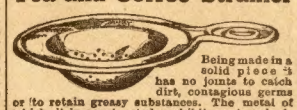
"But I don't want it," the little man braced up. "I got some sugar here the other day with sand in it, and I don't want coffee with ground in it. You must think I want the earth."

Free Course in Nursing

St. Joseph's Hospital will increase its accommodations this year. Although free, the highest standards are maintained. Excellent courses in dietetics, bedside nursing, associated surgical and operating room instructions, etc. Healthy, intelligent young women, not less than 19 years of age, with a good education, and of good moral character are desired. Write at once for information.

SISTER SUPERIOR, St. Joseph's Hospital, 2100 Burling Street, Chicago, Illinois

The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer



Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, it will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 15 cents. W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.

The Serpent's Bride.

(Continued From Page 3.)

also the very conspicuous part played by the woman. It adds to the proof——"

Monte arose abruptly. "I think we'd better be hitting the trail," he said shortly.

"Heavens and earth!" muttered Peebles. "Truly you're the oddest man I ever met."

Monte said nothing, but began cleaning up from the meal, his black eyes faraway and dreaming. He knew Peebles was studying him keenly, but he made no sign.

This remarkable story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

THE SUMMER GAME.

"So you're going away," she softly said,
As she dropped her eyes and she drooped her head;
"And I shall sigh all the livelong day,
The blue of the skies will turn to gray;
The sun won't shine and the birds won't sing
As they did. Oh, parting's a dreadful thing,
And sorrow it seems succeeds delight.
Remember your promise to me to write."

"Yes, I'm going away," the youth replied,
With a touch of sadness he couldn't hide;
"I'm going back to the haunts of men,
To fight for glory and gold again,
To the ceaseless clamor by night and day,
To the pale, drawn faces that line the way;
But with hope new born and with purpose true,
And a heart made glad by the smile of you."

I ought to stop while the view is fair,
For you'd like the tale if it ended there,
But the truth I am duty bound to pen.
The youth went back to the haunts of men,
And the very moment that he was gone
The maiden smiled on another one;
The letter he promised never came,
For both were playing the summer game.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The Borrowers.

Mrs. Hayes had finished her call and risen to go, and yet, very clearly, there was something on her mind. At the door she turned impulsively.

"I don't know what you will think of me, Mrs. Reynolds, but I feel as if I must warn you—as if it wouldn't be right not to. Have the Carletons been over yet?"

"No one has been here to call, but Mrs. Carleton has stopped at the gate once or twice."

Mrs. Hayes hesitated. She was no lover of idle gossip, that was clear.

"It's just—the way they borrow," she said. "And you never get things back—or, if you do, nine times out of ten they are spoiled. They borrow everything—almost the shoes off your feet."

"Thank you, very much," Mrs Reynolds responded cordially. "I appreciate it. I have several things I should not care to lose." She was laughing a little, and her warm handshake sent her caller away comforted.

Half an hour later Mrs. Reynolds had another caller, the oldest Carleton girl. She made her errand known without any embarrassment.

"Mother's broke her carpet sweeper, and she wanted to know if she could borrow yours, 'cause company's coming."

"Won't you sit down?" Mrs. Reynolds asked pleasantly. "When is your company coming?"

"No'm, I guess I can't. She's coming tonight."

"So you want the sweeper for today. That is very convenient for me since my sweeping day is tomorrow. I know you will be busy with company, so tell your mother not to bother to return it; I'll come for it myself in the morning."

The Carleton girl gave her a puzzled look.

"I dunno as we'll be thru with it," she ventured. This was clearly an experience for which she had no orders.

A glint of laughter lighted Mrs. Reynolds' eyes.

"If you are not thru with it you can send for it again," she said.

She was as good as her word. The next morning she went over to the Carletons for her sweeper. Mrs. Carleton received her somewhat stiffly, but Mrs. Reynolds chatted so pleasantly that she soon "thawed." She even gave evidence of her good feeling by sending over in the afternoon for the ice cream freezer.

Mrs. Reynolds was glad to lend it. She herself, it appeared, was to make ice cream Saturday. Mrs. Carleton need not bother; she would send for the freezer.

In the next week the Carletons borrowed a lawnmower, cake tins, curtain stretchers, a ladder and a pair of scales. Mrs. Reynolds lent each thing cheerfully, and went for it within two days. The second week they borrowed only garden shears and a cutting table. The third week Mrs. Carleton came, but only to call.

"I've wanted to ask you," Mrs. Hayes said, hesitatingly, one day when she met Mrs. Reynolds, "how you get on with the Carletons?"

"Oh, very pleasantly. They haven't borrowed anything for a month."

Mrs. Hayes' eyes widened. "I don't see how you do it!" she exclaimed.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Penny Wise.

"Is there any arnica in the house?" queried Biggers, as he stretched himself out on the chaise longue and Mrs. Biggers tenderly placed pillows around him.

"I don't think it's a case for arnica," replied Mrs. Biggers anxiously. "It looks as if I'll have to call in Doctor Harbo."

"Nothing doing! What do you think I am? I wouldn't have the Doctor know I made such a fool of myself for any amount of pain alleviator. You know the Doctor is a born joker, and he'd remember this for the rest of my life."

"No, Henry, that wouldn't be ethical."

"Ethics or no ethics, the Doctor would laugh his head off, and I wouldn't blame him. Furthermore, I don't want you to tell your sister Hattie—or any of the neighbors. Of course, if you tell sister Hattie you won't have to tell the rest of the villagers, for she'll attend to that. But I want this to be kept quiet. If any one asks why I'm going around looking like a rioter just tell them it's the lumbago again."

"How many rounds up the ladder were you, Henry, when you slipped?"

"Didn't count 'em. But it seemed as if I were as high as the Eiffel tower. When I first skinned up that ladder I had a severe spasm of what painters and paperhangers call 'ladder scare.' It's an awful disease! But after I was up a while I got over the attack and became quite daring. I balanced on one foot, then the other, and was just contemplating the words of the poet who said: 'How happy the life of a bird must be, flitting about in each leafy tree.'

"Then Barlo came along and asked me what I was doing. I told him I was taking the measure for some screens. He asked me why I didn't let Jim, the village man of all work, do the job. He said Jim was the handy man of the town by right of inheritance, and was trying to bring up his little family in an honest way, and if there was a chance to make a few dimes it should be his.

"I told Barlo I had been hearing so much of how the country should husband—and wife—its resources that I was going to be economical from now on. I was going to hoard my pennies and shine them with metal polish till they looked like $5 gold pieces. I was going to kill the cat for its hide and turn the canary loose to forage for itself.

"Barlo said something about hoarders being a menace to the country, and I, thinking I was on terra firma, made a swift kick in his direction. Is there any horse liniment around?"

"You don't want horse liniment—you didn't display horse sense," remarked Mrs. Biggers, tartly. "I thought you were economizing to buy me an elaborate birthday present. Barlo was right, and Jim the handy man shall do our work as heretofore."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Military Fervor.

"That was Mr. Waco I was just speaking to on the phone," declared Mrs. Pinwood. "He wanted to know if you'd be home for the evening, He wishes to come over here and have a chat on the front porch with us."

"Now, that's strange, if not remarkable," replied Pinwood, punching the pillows around to make himself more comfortable on the porch swing. "I never knew Waco to leave his own wife and fireside before. And this last week he's been over here every night. I hope their entente cordiale is still in working order."

"I don't know what you mean by that," said Mrs. Pinwood, "but is it a fear you are entertaining that he and she are at swords' points—figuratively speaking, of course? Such is not the case. The mental aberration Mr. Waco is laboring under is from another cause.

"The military aspect of the Waco domicile since the war has been brought home to us is preying on the poor man's nerves. Mr. Waco is naturally a fighting man at heart, and now he realizes that his life should have been devoted to a career in the Army.

"That fact was impressed on his mind the moment he saw his daughter Ethel's fiance in his new soldier's uniform. Waco isn't one of those pseudo patriots who think their duty to the country is discharged when they stand at the fervid strains of the 'Star Spangled Banner' or wave a flag from the window and cheer when the troops are passing. He wants to do his bit in a practical manner.

"Last evening the young man who has been paying devoted attention to Marjorie, his second daughter, appeared in the Waco parlor at his appointed hour in the trim uniform of a sailor lad. Of course, Marjorie was carried away by emotion and Waco wasn't far behind her in that respect. His eulogy of the lad was a patriotic classic, and tears filled his eyes as he regretted that he could not live his life again and become an admiral in the Navy.

"This afternoon he was out hoeing the onion patch, when he looked up and saw Lois, his 14-year-old baby daughter, strolling up the garden walk with some one in khaki. It was her childhood playmate, Willie Wayne, who had just joined the Boy Scouts."

Pinwood was visibly affected. "Waco's got the right stuff in him all right!" he exclaimed.

"You know he has," replied Mrs. Pinwood. "He says he's going to join and do something if it's just passing out 'mulligan' in the mess tent."

"And I'll bet he's coming over here nights so his wife will get used to his absence, eh?" commented Pinwood.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Kind-hearted.

The street car was crammed to suffocation during the evening rush hour and tired-looking women and girls were straphanging in the middle.

When he came to collect the fares the conductor noticed a man comfortably seated in the far corner who seemed to be asleep.

"Wake up!" he shouted.

"I wasn't asleep," said the passenger. "Not asleep!" snapped the conductor. "Then what did you have your eyes shut for?"

"It was because of the crowded condition of the car," explained the passenger. "I hate to see women standing."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Fussy.

It is related that many years ago the first time Prince Bismarck went to consult Dr. Schweninger, he was asked many questions. The Iron Chancellor, who was not accustomed to be cross-examined, got impatient, and said:

"I came here to be cured, not catechized."

"Oh," replied the Doctor, coolly, "then you had better go to a veterinary surgeon. He's the only doctor I know of who cures his patients without asking them any questions."

THIS SUIT FREE

TO INTRODUCE OUR NOBBY CLOTHES IN YOUR TOWN

It's the very finest suit you ever saw. $50 couldn't buy a better one, but you can get it free. It's made to your measure from the most beautiful cloth. Don't fail to get one of these suits. You can earn it while you wear it and make

$50 A WEEK

by taking orders. Drop us a postal for latest samples outfit, select the style you want and the cloth. Let us prove our amazing offer. We send everything free the same day your request is received. Address.

Paragon Tailoring Co. Dept. 806 Chicago.

BOYS—GIRLS!

Free Tickets to Movies!

Write today for 36 packages of SMICKSMACK, the delicious chocolate dessert. Sells quickly at 10c a package. When you have sold 36 packages, send us $3.60 and we will send you 10 five-cent tickets for any picture theatre you select. Write today—send no money—we furnish the goods and trust you until sold. If you are under 16 years of age you must get approval of your parent or guardian.

The Boggs Specialty Co., 1935 Daly Avenue, New York City

MAKE YOUR BIKE A MOTORCYCLE

at a small cost by using our Attachable outfit, FITS ANY BICYCLE. Easily attached. No special tools required. Write today for bargain list and free book describing the SHAW Bicycle Motor Attachment. Motorcycles, all makes, new and second-hand, $35 and up.

FREE BOOK

SHAW MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. 5 Galesburg, Kansas.

NOW $2.50

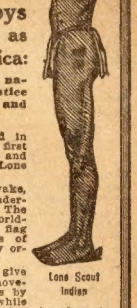
$2.50 down brings brand new Rex (10 years' guarantee) built because world's greatest mercantile house wanted a better machine. Sent on trial. Typewriter prices smashed. Write for free book and startling offer. Rex Typewriter Co., Dept. C&C1 Steger Bldg., Chicago.

RHEUMATISM RECIPE

I will gladly send Free to any sufferer a Simple Herb Recipe that has cured the worst cases of Rheumatism. Enclose two-cent stamp

W. S. SUTTON, 2650 Magnolia Avenue, Los Angeles, California

209,098 LONE SCOUTS



Lone Scout Indian

In 93 Weeks 209,098 Boys have taken the following pledge as members of Lone Scouts of America:

"I pledge my allegiance to my flag and the nation for which it stands, with liberty and justice for all. I will 'Do a Useful Thing Each Day,' and be worthy of the name, Lone Scout."

MEMBERSHIP BADGE

FIRST DEGREE BADGE (Bronze)

SECOND DEGREE BADGE (Bronze)

THIRD DEGREE BADGE (Silver)

The Lone Scouts of America was incorporated in Washington, District of Columbia, in 1915. At the first meeting of the incorporators, by-laws were adopted and W. D. Boyce was elected Chief Totem. The first Lone Scout took the pledge on October 26, 1915.

1 The Lone Scouts of America is for all wide-awake, ambitious boys everywhere. Any boy who can understand the pledge is eligible to membership. The pledge is so worded as to make the organization world-wide, including any boy living under some other flag than the United States flag. The Lone Scouts of America encourages patriotism, but is not a military organization in any sense.

2 The purpose of the Lone Scouts of America is to give the boys all the advantages of the Boy Scout movement (which was started in the United States by W. D. Boyce, Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts) while permitting them to operate alone if it is not convenient for them to belong to Tribes. Woodcraft and Scouting are only a part of the instructions. The Lone Scout motto is: "Do a Useful Thing Each Day." Every boy who lives up to this motto is going to be a successful man.

3 There are no membership dues or fees to pay; no expensive equipment for boys or their parents to buy. The Lone Scouts of America is not a money-making proposition. The organization is supported by the sale of its weekly magazine, "Lone Scout," in which instructions are given the Scouts. "Lone Scout" is sold by news agents for 3 cents a copy. Subscription rates, 25 cents four months, 75 cents a year.

4 As a member progresses in his Scout work he is awarded Degrees with appropriate Badges, and these Degrees make up Lodges. Badges of the first three Degrees (Tepee Lodge) are shown on the left. After the Tepee Lodge comes the Totem Pole Lodge. A member in this Lodge is entitled to put up a Lone Scout Totem Pole, upon which is placed a record of his Degrees.

5 In applying for membership, fill out the Application Blank given below, and send it with 2-cent stamp.

W. D. BOYCE, Chief Totem,
500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

CUT OUT HERE

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

CHIEF TOTEM, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Date.....1917

I am ready, with consent of my parents or guardian, to take the Lone Scout Pledge, which I have read. Herewith find 2 cents in stamps to pay for mailing Certificate of Membership in the Lone Scouts of America, First Degree Instructions and Tribe Booklet.

Name..... Age.....

Town..... State.....

St. No., P. O., or R. F. D.....

NOT A PEACE PIPE

The Modern Way.

"It is customary to seal a proposal with a kiss, is it not?"

"It used to be, but nowadays it is considered best to have a witness."

Reason Sufficient.

Grace—"I didn't accept Walter the first time he proposed."

Gladys—"No, dearie; you weren't there."

Wisdom From a Babe.

"It is only a step from life to death," remarked the Invalid father.

"Yes, and a stepfather afterward," replied the precocious child.

His Only Chance.

"Do you know you talk in your sleep, Henry?" said his wife.

"Well," was the meek response, "do you begrudge me even those few words?"

Sizes.

"I wish a ton of coal, please."

"Yes, madam. What size."

"Dear me, I didn't know coal came in sizes. I wear a No. 3 shoe and a No. 6 glove."

"Bill Squirrel boasts that he's strictly neutral."

"Yes, and there he is busy making shells."

Misleading.

"You've made a mistake in your paper," said an indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum of a daily paper. "I was one of the competitors at that athletic match yesterday, and you have called me 'the well-known light-weight champion.'"

"Well, aren't you?" inquired the editor.

"No, I'm nothing of the kind, and it's confoundedly awkward, because I'm a coal merchant."

Neighborly.

"Papa, the little boy next door says his father wants to know if he can use our lawn mower for a little while."

"You may tell the little boy, Bobbie, to tell his father that we shall be glad to let him use our mower whenever he likes, but be sure to tell him that he mustn't take it out of our yard."

Cholly (at the shore)—"Might I teach you how to swim?"

Manicure—"Of course! My terms are $2 an hour for that!"

THE ALTRUIST.

"I want a hat," the damsel said, "dispatched to my abode:
A picture hat with ostrich plumes—of very latest mode.
I want it lined with crepe de Chine, and edged with ermine fair.
The ermine not too wide—to rest just lightly on my hair.
I want a veil to wear with it embossed in gold or Jet—
Or dinky dragons in chenille embroidered on the net.
I want a hat to wear at church, for there I have a pew,
And every one I most detest can get a splendid view.
The patriotic Perkinses their chivalry display
By wearing last year's hats at church—(a horrible array).
I want to scandalize the folk, and make them proud and glad
That they are all so jolly good—while I'm so jolly bad."

"Water, Water, Everywhere."

'Twas somewhere in France, and the trenches looked like some river not on the map. Paddy was on guard in the communication trenches and was up to his chest in water. Along came a Tommy, who inquired of Paddy if he could direct him to A Company of the 1st Blankshires. Paddy's temper was not in the best of humor, for he had had a long, weary guard and was not in form for being questioned.

"Holy smoke," he replied, viewing his surroundings, "chuck it! I'm not the bloomin' harbor master!"

Not Fair.

A leading milk distributer was talking to a reporter about milk prices.

"But our adversaries' questions are not fair," he said. "Our adversaries are like the cross-examining lawyer.

"'Is it true,' this lawyer asked a witness, 'that you were the only sober man at the banquet?'

"'No, of course not,' the witness answered indignantly.

"'Who was, then?' said the lawyer."

Big Enough to Be Seen.

The average foreigner can rarely comprehend the geographical area of the United States, as was quite fully illustrated by an Englishman and his valet who had been traveling due west from Boston for five days. At the end of the fifth day master and servant were seated in the smoking car, and it was observed that the man was gazing steadily and thoughtfully out of the window. Finally his companion became curious.

"William," said he, "of what are you thinking?"

"I was just thinking, sir, about the discovery of Hamerica," replied the valet. "Columbus didn't do such a wonderful thing, after all, when he found this country, did he, now, sir? Hafter hall's said an' done, 'ow could 'e 'elp it?"

Little Ethel—"Did the doctor leave this baby with us?"

Her Mother—"Yes, dear."

Little Ethel—"I s'pose he got tired taking care of it himself and that's why he put it off onto us."

Her Afm Was Poot.

She was technically accused of manslaughter, but those raven locks, those blazing black eyes, those perfect teeth, and that entrancing smile were working havoc on counsel, jury and judge.

Obviously, if things could be made easy for her they would be, and she was given to understand that the court proceedings were a pure formality.

"I understand," said counsel for the prosecution, "that during the absence of your husband you shot the burglar?"

"I did," the beautiful lady admitted.

"What became of him?"

"Why, the other burglar took him away."

"Which other burglar?"

"The one I shot at."

Couldn't Change It There.

A young Sheffield gentleman purchased a new shirt in a certain shop, and on arriving home fitted it on, but was dissatisfied with it.

The next day he took it back to the counter where he purchased it, but this time a young lady was in charge of the department.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, "I bought this shirt here. Can I change it at this counter?"

"Oh, dear me, no!" said the embarrassed girl. "You'd better go to a private room."

Men Classified.

Patriot—One who goes with his wife to buy a hat and enjoys himself.

Martyr—One that goes with her, but falls asleep in the store.

Hero—One that goes with her and flirts with all the cash girls.

Coward—The sneaky character that always remembers he has an engagement.

"Know Thyself."

A stout, baggage-laden, old English gentleman was trying to make a hurried exit from a railway carriage. At the door he stumbled on the foot of a brawny Scot.

"Hoots, toots, mon!" groaned the Highlander. "Canna ye look whaur ye're going? Hoot, mon, hoot!"

The burdened traveler slammed the door behind him and shouted thru the window:

"William," said he, "of what are you thinking?"

"Hoot yourself! I am a traveler, not an automobile."

Some One Profited.

"Turned you down, did you say? Well, old chap, it's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

"Yes, better, indeed," replied the rejected one. "Better for the postoffice authorities, the florist, the messenger boy, the confectioner, a dozen waiters, as many taxi drivers, the jeweler and half the theaters in town."

Just So.

"What do you think of the crops for farmers?"

"Just the thing. Then the hired man can't ask a raise because he's busy season on the ground that he was sick harvesting."

Its Use.

"Maud has a very engaging personality."

"Yes; that's how she's managed to get so many diamond rings."

Economy.

Something happened to the steering gear and his machine dashed across a crowded sidewalk and into a jeweler's store window. It cost him heavily to settle everything, and after that he didn't drive his car. Last week he hired an expert chauffeur to tool him down town. Soon some trouble developed. He hailed the driver:

"What's the matter?"

"Steering gear gone wrong, sir! What shall I do?"

"Drive into the cheapest thing you see!"

Relieved of Labor.

First Farmer—"When are you going to start yer plowing?"

Second Farmer—"I don't expect to do none."

First Farmer—"You don't? Why?"

Second Farmer—"Won't have to. I've let a lot of amateur golfers use my fields for practice."

Used to It.

"Well," said the judge to the police officers, "did you get anything out of the man you took for the Broadway murder?"

"Nothing at all."

"How's that? Did you question him?"

"Yes."

"Did you try the third degree on him?"

"Certainly we did. We didn't give him a wink of sleep. Day and night since we've had him here we've been questioning him—putting him to every kind of point we could think of."

"And what happened?"

"Why, he just curled himself up every time and merely grunted: 'Yes, my dear, you're perfectly right. What you say is quite true!'"

Dentist—"Open a little wider, please!" Woman—"Oh, I don't want to talk to you. Just fill the tooth."

What She Reminded Him Of.

One of the ladies who first introduced interpretative dancing—whatever that is—into this country has fleshened up considerably since the days of her initial terpsichorean triumphs and moves in society folk along the eastern seaboard. Nevertheless, she continues to give performances to select audiences of artistic souls.

Not so long ago Finley Peter Dunne, the humorist, was lured to one of these entertainments. The lady, wearing very few clothes and, as a result of their lack, looking even plumper than usual, danced in an effect of moonlight calcium beams.

As Dunne was leaving one of the patronesses hailed him.

"Oh, Mr. Dunne," she twittered, "how did you enjoy the madame's dancing?"

"Immensely," said Dunne. "Made me think of Grant's tomb in love."

A Good Match.

A portly colored man entered the drug store and looked around uncertainly.

"Young man," he said to the clerk confidentially, "has you got any letter-paper and envelopes with fleen-colored borders?"

"Was it mourning-paper you wished for, sir?" inquired the clever clerk.

"You's struck it dissactly! But I disremembered the name. Gib me a box of it, if you please, sah."

Reason Enough.

She considered it her duty to correct Tommy very frequently. Sometimes she let acts pass, but even with that margin there still remained so many occasions for the correction of Tommy that she was getting pretty tired of doing it.

"Tommy," she said, wearily, "why do you scratch your head?"

"Because nobody else knows just where it itches," said the little boy.

"BEN BOLT"—The Kid That You Were Yourself.

Don't you remember the cat, Ben Bolt;
The cat 'neath the cow-stable wall?
The thought turns me sick, for when poked with a stick,
It wasn't a cat after all!

NOISE VS. RESULTS.

Now do not heed the squalers
And the bawlers and all such,
They make a lot of racket but
They don't amount to much

Unless you pay attention to
Their squealing and their wails,
And the frightened chap who does that
Is the chap that always fails.

They are very few and foolish,
Those howling girls and boys,
But what they lack in numbers they
Make up in dust and noise.

They have the mental colic,
And they make an awful fuss,
But the silent, big majority
Is good enough for us.

So let's ignore the howlers,
Nor be by noise misled,
And join the silent army
That is marching right ahead!

Taking No Chances.

Bismarck one evening attended a gathering of prominent men at the house of a Russian nobleman. During all the conversation he was particularly sarcastic, cutting friends and opponents unsparingly. When he rose to take his leave and walked downstairs, the host called a pet dog that was frisking about and led him to one side.

"Are you afraid the dog will bite me?" asked Bismarck.

"Oh, no," replied the host; "I'm afraid you'll bite the dog."

Due Notice.

While walking along the street an epileptic dropped in a fit and was quickly rushed to the hospital. Upon removing his coat one of the nurses found a piece of paper pinned to the lining, on which was written:

"This is to inform the house surgeon that this is just a case of plain fit—not appendicitis. My appendix has already been removed twice."

The Halcyon Days.

She—"When we go anywhere now we have to take the street car. Before our marriage you always called a taxi."

He—"Yes; that's the reason we have to go in the street car now."

"Will this suit shrink if I get it wet?"

"But why get a bathing suit wet, madame?"

Misplaced Realism.

"I never cared much to hear heaven too realistically and minutely described in the pulpit," said a bishop the other day.

"In fact, these pulpit details about heaven always make me think of the little girl who, rummaging in a drawer, exclaimed:

"'There! Grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles!'"

Disposing of Willis.

Willis—"I see that the flag must be brought in at sundown and kept in until morning."

Mrs. Willis—"Yes; and during those times I'm going to be patriotic enough to see that you follow the flag."

First Mountaineer—"Good church service today, deacon?"

Second Mountaineer—"Not very. I couldn't sleep on account of th' shootin' an' th' fires."

The Eden Limited

Or, In a Hurry

By Robert W. Chambers

[Copyright by the Author.]

"Soyez tranquilles, mesdames. . . . Je suis un jeune homme presse. . . . Mais modeste."
—Labiche.

AT TEN minutes before five in the evening the office doors of the Florida and Key West Railway Company flew open, and a young man emerged in a hurry.

Suitcase in one hand, umbrella in the other, he sped along the corridor to the elevator-shaft, arriving in time to catch a glimpse of the lighted roof of the cage sliding into depths below.

"Down!" he shouted; but the glimmering cage disappeared, descending until darkness enveloped it.

Then the young man jammed his hat on his head, seized the suitcase and umbrella, and galloped down the steps. The spiral marble staircase echoed his clattering flight; scrub-women heard him coming and fled; he leaped a pail of water and a mop; several old gentlemen flattened themselves against the wall to give him room; and a blond young person with pencils in her hair lisped "Gee!" as he whizzed past and plunged thru the storm-doors, which swung back, closing behind him with a hollow thwack.

Outside in the darkness, gray with whirling snowflakes, he saw the wet lamps of cabs shining, and he darted along the line of hansoms and coupes in frantic search for his own.

"Oh, there you are!" he panted, flinging his suitcase up to a snow-covered driver. "Do your best now; we're late! And he leaped into the dark coupe, slammed the door, and sank back on the cushions, turning up the collar of his heavy overcoat.

There was a young lady in the farther corner of the cab, buried to her nose in a fur coat. At intervals she shivered and pressed a fluffy muff against her face. A glimmer from the sleet-smeared lamps fell across her knees.

Down-town flew the cab, swaying around icy corners, bumping over car-tracks, lurching, rattling, jouncing, while its silent occupants, huddled in separate corners, brooded moodily at their respective windows.

Snow blotted the glass; melting and running down; and over the watery panes yellow light from shop windows played fantastically, distorting vision.

Presently the young man pulled out his watch, fumbled for a match-box, struck a light, and groaned as he read the time.

At the sound of the match striking, the young lady turned her head. Then, as the bright flame illuminated the young man's face, she sat bolt upright, dropping the muff to her lap with a cry of dismay.

He looked up at her. The match burned his fingers; he dropped it and hurriedly lighted another; and the flickering radiance brightened upon the face of a girl whom he had never before laid eyes on.

"Good heavens!" he said. "Where's my sister?"

The young lady was startled, but resolute. "You have made a dreaful mistake," she said; "you are in the wrong cab——"

The match went out; there came a brief moment of darkness, then the cab turned a corner, and the ghostly light of electric lamps played over them in quivering succession.

"Will you please stop this cab?" she said, unsteadily. "You have mistaken my cab for yours. I was expecting my brother."

Stunned, he made no movement to obey. A sudden thrill of fear passed thru her.

"I must ask you to stop this cab," she faltered.

The idiotic blankness of his expression changed to acute alarm.

"Stop this cab?" he cried. "Nothing on earth can induce me to stop this cab!"

"You must!" she insisted, controlling her voice. "You must stop it at once!"

"How can I?" he asked, excitedly; "I'm late now; I haven't one second to spare!"

"Do you refuse to leave this cab?"

"I beg that you compose yourself——"

"Will you go?" she insisted.

A jounce sent them flying toward each other; they collided and recoiled, regarding one another in breathless indignation.

"This is simply hideous!" said the young lady, seizing the door-handle.

"Please don't open that door!" he said. She tried to wrench it open; the handle stuck—or perhaps the strength had left her wrist. But it was not courage that failed, for she faced him, head held high, and—

"You coward!" she said.

Over his face a deep flush burned—and it was a good face, too—youthfully willful, perhaps, with a firm, clean-cut chin and pleasant eyes.

"If I were a coward," he said, "I'd stop this cab and get out. I never faced anything that frightened me half as much as you do!"

She looked him straight in the eyes, one hand twisting at the knob.

"Don't you suppose that this mistake of mine is as humiliating and unwelcome to me as it is to you?" he said. "If you stop this cab it will ruin somebody's life. Not mine—if it were my own life, I wouldn't hesitate."

Her hand, still clasping the silver knob, suddenly fell limp.

"You say that you are in a hurry?" she asked, with dry lips.

"A desperate hurry," he replied.

"So am I," she said, bitterly; "and thanks to your stupidity, I must make the journey without my brother!"

There was a silence, then she turned toward him again:

"Where do you imagine this cab is going?"

"It's going to Cortlandt street—isn't it?" Suddenly the recollection came to him that it was her cab, and that he had only told the driver to drive fast.

The color left his face as he pressed it to the sleet-shot window. Fitful flickers of light, snow, darkness—that was all he could see.

He turned a haggard countenance on her; he was at her mercy. But there was nothing vindictive in her.

"I also am going to Cortlandt street; you need not be alarmed," she said.

The color came back to his cheeks. "I suppose," he ventured, "that you are trying to catch the Eden Limited, as I am."

"Yes," she said, coldly; "my brother ——" An expression of utter horror came into her face. "What on earth shall I do?" she cried; "my brother has my ticket and my purse!"

A lunge and a bounce sent them into momentary collision; a flare of light from a ferry lantern flashed in their faces; the cab stopped and a porter jerked open the door, crying:

"Eden Limited? You'd better hurry, lady. They're closin' the gates now."

They sprang out into the storm, she refusing his guiding arm.

"What am I to do?" she said, desperately. "I must go on that train, and I haven't a penny."

"It's all right; you'll take my sister's ticket," he said, hurriedly paying the cabman.

A porter seized their two valises from the box and dashed toward the ferry-house; they followed to the turnstile, where the tickets were clipped.

"Now we've got to run!" he said. And off they sped, slipped thru the closing gates, and ran for the gangplank, where their porter stood making frantic signs for them to hasten. It was a close connection, but they made it, to the unfeigned amusement of the passengers on deck.

"Sa-ay!" drawled a ferry-hand, giving an extra twist to the wheel as the chains came clanking in, "she outs the bunch on the blink f'r a looker. Hey?"

"Plenty," said his comrade; adding, after a moment's weary deliberation, "she's his tootsy-wootsy sure. B. and G."

The two young people, who had caught the boat at the last second, stood together muffled to the eyes, breathing rapidly. She was casting tragic glances astern, where, somewhere behind the smother of snow, New York City lay; he, certain at last of his train, stood beside her, attempting to collect his thoughts and arrange them in some sort of logical sequence.

But the harder he thought, the more illogical the entire episode appeared. How on earth had he ever come to enter a stranger's cab and drive with a stranger half a mile before either discovered the situation? And what blind luck had sent the cab to the destination he also was bound for—and not a second to spare, either?

He looked at her furtively; she stood by the rail, her fur coat white with snow.

"The poor little thing!" he thought. And he said: "You need not worry about your section, you know. I have my sister's ticket for you."

After a moment's gloomy retrospection he added: "When your brother arrives to knock my head off I'm going to let him do it."

She made no comment.

"I don't suppose," he said, "that you ever could pardon what I have done."

"No," she said, "I never could."

A brief interval passed, disturbed by the hooting of a siren.

"If you had stopped the cab when I asked you to——" she began.

"If I had," he said, "neither you nor I could have caught this train."

"If you had not entered my cab, I should have been here at this moment with my brother," she said. "Now I am here with you—penniless!"

He looked at her miserably, but she was relentless.

"It is the cold selfishness of the incident that shocks me," she said; "it is not the blunder that offended me—" She stopped short to give him a chance to defend himself; but he did not. "And now," she added, "you have reduced me to the necessity of—borrowing money——"

"Only a ticket," he muttered.

But she was not appeased, and her silence was no solace to him.

After a few minutes he said: "It's horribly cold out here; would you not care to go into the cabin?"

She shook her head, and her cheeks grew hot, for she had heard the observations of the ferrymen as the boat left. She would freeze in obscurity rather than face a lighted cabin full of people. She looked at the porter who was carrying their valises, and the dreadful idea seized her that he, too, thought them bride and groom.

Furious, half frightened, utterly wretched, she dared not even look at the man whose unheard-of stupidity had inflicted such humiliation upon her.

Tears were close to her eyes; she swallowed, set her head high, and turned her burning cheeks to the pelting snow.

Oh, he should rue it some day! When, how, where, she did not trouble to think; but he should rue it, and his punishment should leave a memory ineffaceable. Pondering on his future tribulation, sternly immersed in visions of justice, his voice startled her:

"The boat is in. Please keep close to me."

Bump! creak—cre—ak! bump! Then came the clank of wheel and chain, and the crowded cabin, and pressing throngs which crushed her close to his shoulder; and, "Please take my arm," he said; "I can protect you better so."

A long, covered way, swarming with people, a glimpse of a street and whirling snowflakes, an iron fence pierced by gates where gilt-and-blue officials stood, saying, monotonously: "Tickets! Please show your tickets. This way for the Palmetto Special. The Eden Limited on track number three."

"Would you mind holding my umbrella a moment?" he asked.

She took it.

He produced the two tickets and they passed the gate, following a porter who carried their luggage.

Presently their porter climbed the steps of a sleeping-car. She followed and sat down beside her valise, resting her elbow on the polished window-sill, and her flushed cheek on her hand.

He passed her and continued on toward the end of the car, where she saw him engage in animated conversation with several officials. The officials shook their heads, and, after a while, he came slowly back to where she sat.

"I tried to exchange into another car," he said. "It cannot be done."

"Why do you wish to?" she asked, calmly.

"I suppose you would—would rather I did," he said. "I'll stay in the smoker all I can."

She made no comment. He stood staring gloomily at the floor.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, at last. "I'm not quite as selfish as you think. My—my younger brother is in a lot of trouble—down at St. Augustine. I couldn't have saved him if I hadn't caught this train. . . . I know you can't forgive me; so I'll say—so I'll ask permission to say good-by."

"Don't—please don't go," she said, faintly.

He wheeled toward her again.

"How on earth am I to dine if you go away?" she asked. "I've a thousand miles to go, and I've simply got to dine."

"What a stupid brute I am!" he said, between his teeth. "I try to be decent, but I can't. I'll do anything in the world to spare you—indeed I will. Tell me, would you prefer to dine alone——"

"Hush! people are listening," she said, in a low voice. "It's bad enough to be taken for bride and groom, but if people in this car think we've quarreled I—I simply cannot endure it."

"Who took us for—that?" he whispered, fiercely.

"Those people behind you; don't look!

$3 BRINGS YOU A MADE TO MEASURE SUIT

If You Will Be Our Agent

Don't send us a cent. Just mail a postal today for full information. We will send you a big book of 100 fabrics and 60 swell fashion, measurement blanks, etc.—everything free and postage paid. We'll even arrange for you to get your clothes FREE and show you how to make

$5.00 TO $10.00 A DAY

any day or every day you have an hour or two to spare. It's dead easy. Thousands of tailor agents are cleaning up big money. Don't delay. Write at once—today—before any one else in your town gets our agency. Best clothes, swiftest fashions, classiest fabrics, lowest wholesale prices, big profits for you and your own clothes free if you will wear them and act as our agent. Mail postal NOW.

LASALLE TAILORING COMPANY
561 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

TUBERCULOSIS VICTIM
Calls "ADDILINE" A God-Send

"ADDILINE has cured me, and I know it will help others. For 3 years I was unable to get around, my Lungs pained me so, and I can freely say now I am enjoying good health. ADDILINE is a God-send to all who have Tuberculosis," so states Mrs. W. W. Naus, Columbus, O., a Tuberculosis sufferer. This should convince every one afflicted with Weak Lungs,—with Chronic Cough, that by this simple Home Treatment, any cough-racked, tortured person may find quick relief. Soothing, pleasant. Any one may use it under plain directions. Just send name and address on post card to ADDILINE, 1184 CAPITAL TRUST BLDG., COLUMBUS, OHIO

GROCERIES
CUT YOUR GROCERY BILLS IN HALF
THREE OF OUR LEADERS
Sugar, per lb. 4c
Flour, Gold Medal, bbl. . $3.85
Flake White Soap, large bar 2c
Only large Wholesale Grocers selling direct to consumers.
Send for special catalogue FREE
MONEYWORTH WHOLESALE GROCERS
Cor. 14th and Ashland, Dept. J. M., Chicago, Ill.

MUSIC LESSONS FREE
You can read Music like this quickly
At Your Home. Write today for our booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils.
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 37 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

X-RAY KATHODOSCOPE. Latest pocket curiosity. Everybody wants it. See your best girl, and all she's doing. No one knows you see everything. Operates in all climates; lasts a lifetime. Ready for use. 25c postpaid for this wonderful instrument.
KATHOS CO., 424 Park Row Bldg., N.Y. City

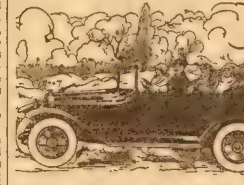
GIVEN AWAY
Write today for 12 packs Smith's Hair Tonic to sell at 10c per pkg. Return $1.20 and we will send wedding ring and bracelet, warranted.
SMITH DRUG CO. Box 154, Woodsboro, Md.

ARE YOU AN AMERICAN?
Use Patriotic Stationery. Show your colors. 25 beautiful printed envelopes and 25 Letter heads. National flag printed in colors. Send 25c coin or stamps today.
ROSE, 338 Trust Building, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

LADIES Send for our free catalogue describing the Bee Cold Supporter. "A Boon to Womankind." Made of pure soft rubber. Address BEE CALL CO., Dept. 10, White Bldg., BUFFALO, N. Y.

AUTOMOBILE FREE

WE WANT someone in each locality to take care of special work for us. You can do it in spare time. If successful, we give you a five-passenger brand new 1917 model touring car absolutely free. To test you we show this picture of one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. It is not so easy to find the faces in this picture, but by close search and by twisting and turning the picture around, they will be revealed to you. Can you find them?



YOU WILL WIN A PRIZE

if you do; try it, don't give up. It will pay you. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us. When your answer is received we will send you a prize which we know you will appreciate, and it will be a big surprise to you. We will also make you a present of 2,000 free Auto votes, and tell you all about this splendid automobile, touring car or roadster, which we are going to give away. We will give away many other prizes for just a little effort.

MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS

you can win an automobile in addition to splendid prizes, such as watches, cameras, and other things you like. Write us today, sending your answer with the faces marked, with two 2c stamps to help pay the postage and mailing expenses of the present which you have won. It will be mailed to you with your Certificate of Entry and 2,000 free votes in our Auto Contest. We will also send you a copy of two different popular publications. Write your name and address plainly so there will be no mistake.

Auto Puzzle Dept. F
W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I heard that horrid little boy say, 'B. and G.!' and others heard it. I—I think you had better sit down here a moment."

He sat down.

"The question is," she said, with heightened color, "whether it is less embarrassing for us to be civil to each other or to avoid each other. Everybody has seen the porter bring in our luggage; everybody supposes we are at least on friendly terms. If I go alone to the dining-car, and you go alone, gossip will begin. I'm miserable enough now—my position is false enough now. I—I cannot stand being stared at for thirty-six hours——"

"If you say so, I'll spread the rumor that you're my sister," he suggested, anxiously. "Shall I?"

Even she perceived the fatal futility of that suggestion.

"But when you take off your glove everybody will know we're not B. and G.," he insisted.

She hesitated; a delicate flush crept over her face; then she pervously stripped the glove from her left hand and extended it. A plain gold ring encircled the third finger. "What shall I do?" she whispered. "I can't get it off. I've tried, but I can't.

"Does it belong there?" he asked, seriously.

"You mean, am I married? No, no," she said, impatiently; "it's my grandmother's wedding-ring. I was just trying it on this morning—this morning of all mornings! Think of it!"

She looked anxiously at her white fingers, then at him.

"What do you think?" she asked, naively; "I've tried soap and cold-cream, but it won't come off."

"Well," he said, with a forced laugh, "Fate appears to be personally conducting this tour, and it's probably all right——" He hesitated. "Perhaps it's better than to wear no ring——"

"Why?" she asked, innocently. "Oh! perhaps it's better, after all, to be mistaken for B. and G. than for a pair of unchaperoned creatures. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes," he said, vaguely.

There came a gentle jolt, a faint grinding sound, a vibration increasing. Lighted lanterns, red and green, glided past their window.

"We've started," he said.

Then a negro porter came jauntily down the aisle, saying something in a low voice to everybody as he passed. And when he came to them he smiled encouragement and made an extra bow, murmuring, "First call for dinner, if you please, madam."

They were the center of discreet attention in the dining-car; and neither the ring on her wedding-finger nor their bearing and attitude toward each other were needed to confirm the general conviction.

He tried to do all he could to make it easy for her, but he didn't know how, or he never would have ordered rice pudding with a confidence that set their own negro waiter grinning from ear to ear.

She bit her red lips and looked out the window; but the window, blacked by night and quicksilvered by the snow, was only a mirror for a very lovely and distressed face.

Indeed, she was charming in her supposed role; their fellow-passengers' criticisms were exceedingly favorable. Even the young imp who had pronounced them B. and G. with infantile unreserve appeared to be impressed by her fresh, young beauty; and an old clergyman across the aisle beamed on them at intervals, and every beam was a benediction.

As for them, embarrassment and depression were at first masked under a polite gayety; but the excitement of the drama gained on them; appearances were to be kept up in the roles of a comedy absolutely forced upon them; and that brought exhilaration.

From mental self-absolution they ventured on mentally absolving each other. Fate had done it! Their consciences were free. Their situation was a challenge in itself, and to accept it must mean to conquer.

Stirring two lumps of sugar into his cup of coffee, he looked up suddenly, to find her gray eyes meeting his across the table. They smiled like friends.

"Of what are you thinking?" she asked.

"I was thinking that perhaps you had forgiven me," he said, hopefully.

"I have!—she frowned a little—"I think I have."

"And—you do not think me a coward?"

"No," she said, watching him, chin propped on her linked fingers.

He laughed gratefully.

"As a matter of cold fact," he observed, "if we had met anywhere in town—under other circumstances—there is no reason that I can see why we shouldn't have become excellent friends."

"No, reason at all," she said, thoughtfully.

"And that reminds me," he went on, dropping his voice and leaning across the table, "I'm going to send back a telegram to my sister, and I fancy you may wish to send one to your wandering brother."

"I suppose I'd better," she said. An involuntary shiver passed over her. "He's probably frantic," she added.

"Probably," he admitted.

"My father and mother are in Europe," she observed. "I hope my brother hasn't cabled them."

"I think we'd better get those telegrams off," he said, motioning the waiter to bring the blanks and find pen and ink.

They waited, gazing meditatively at each other. Presently he said:

"I'd like to tell you what it is that sends me flying down to Florida at an hour's notice. I think some explanation is due you—if it wouldn't bore you?"

"Tell me," she said, quietly.

"Why, then, it's that headlong idiot of a brother of mine," he explained. "He's going to try to marry a girl he has only known a twenty-four hours—a girl we never heard of. And I'm on my way to stop it!—the young fool!—and I'll stop it if I have to drag him home by the heels! Here's the telegram we got late this afternoon——a regular bombshell." He drew the yellow bit of paper from his breast-pocket, unfolded it, and read:

"'ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.—I am going to marry tomorrow the loveliest girl in the United States. Only met her yesterday. Love at first sight. You'll all worship her! She's eighteen, a New Yorker, and her name is Marie Hetherford.

"'JIM.'"

He looked up angrily. "What do you think of that?" he demanded.

"Think?" she stammered—"think?" She dropped her hands helplessly, staring at him. "Marie Hetherford is my sister!" she said.

"Your—sister," he repeated, after a long pause—"your sister!"

She pressed a white hand to her forehead, clearing her eyes with a gesture.

"Isn't it too absurd!" she said, dreamily. "My sister sent us a telegram like yours. Our parents are abroad. So my brother and I threw some things into a trunk and—and started! Oh, did you ever hear of anything like this?"

"Your sister!" he repeated, dazed. "My brother and your sister. And I am on my way to stop it; and you are on your way to stop it——"

She began to laugh—not hysterically, but it was not a natural laugh.

"And," he went on, "I've lost another sister in the shuffle, and you've lost another brother in the shuffle, and now there's a double-shuffle danced by you and me——"

"Don't. Don't!" she said, faint from laughter.

"Yes, I will," he said. "And I'll say more! I'll say that Destiny is taking exclusive charge of our two families, and it would not surprise me if your brother and my sister were driving around New York together at this moment looking for us!"

Their laughter infected the entire dining-car; every waiter snickered; the enfant terrible grinned; the aged minister of the Church of England beamed a rapid fire of benedictions on them.

But they had forgotten everybody except each other.

"From what I hear and from what I know personally of your family," she said, "it seems to me that they never waste much time about anything."

"We are rather in that way," he admitted. "I have been in a hurry from the time you first met me—and you see what my brother is going to do."

DR. N. H. HORNSTINE For Ten Years In The Department of Public Health and Charities States That Tests Made With Nuxated Iron

On Stubborn Cases Where Other Tonics Had Failed Absolutely Convinced Him of Its Remarkable and Unusual Power—Says That When He Took It Personally The Rapidity With Which His Energy and Endurance Increased Was Most Surprising

Philadelphia, Pa.—Probably no remedy has ever met with such phenomenal success as has Nuxated Iron—over three million people annually take it in this country alone, to say nothing of the vast number who are using it in France, England, South America and other countries. It has been highly endorsed and used by former United States Senators and Members of Congress; physicians who have been connected with well-known hospitals have prescribed and recommended it; Monseigneur Nanini, a prominent Catholic Clergyman, recommends it to all members of the Catholic Church. Former Health Commissioner Wm. R. Kerr, of Chicago, says it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician; Former First Assistant Post Master General of the United States, C. P. Grandfield, strongly endorses and recommends it to the tens of thousands of civil service employees who know his name and signature. Sarah Barnhardt—"The Divine Sarah"—the world's most noted actress, has ordered a large quantity sent to the French soldiers to help give them strength, power and endurance.

Former United States Senator Wm. E. Mason says the results he obtained from its use in his own case were so beneficial that he feels it should be made known to every nervous, run-down man, woman and child. The famous "Cyclone" Davis, Member of the 64th United States Congress, says the effect of Nuxated Iron on him was almost magical, that after taking it nothing seemed to tire him out, no matter how strenuous it might be. Former United States Senator Charles A. Towne, the silver-tongued orator of Minnesota, says he unhesitatingly recommends Nuxated Iron to all who feel the need of renewed energy and the regularity of bodily functions, and that henceforth he shall not be without it. Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago and former House Surgeon Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, says Nuxated Iron has proven through his own tests of it to excel any preparation he has ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves, strengthening the muscles and correcting digestive disorders. Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon St. Elizabeth Hospital New York, says he has never before recommended any remedy to the public, but that in the case of Nuxated Iron he would feel he were remiss in his duty not to mention it. Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, says that in his recent talks to physicians on the grave and serious consequences of deficiency in the blood of American women, he has strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their weak, run-down, nervous, haggard-looking patients.

Ty Cobb, the greatest baseball batter of all time, took it to help give him renewed energy and great staying power. No matter what anybody says you could not at this day get such prominent men to endorse a remedy that has no value—doctors, lawyers, politicians, athletes—a great array, all have used and now recommend Nuxated Iron.

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied both in this country and great European Medical Institutions, said: "Nuxated Iron is a wonderful remedy. Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty, and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in—now at 50, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth."

If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times a day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

SPECIAL TO PHYSICIANS

Doctor, what do you recommend to renew the supply of iron in the blood of people in a weak, nervous, run-down state?

Dr. Hornstine, for ten years Physician in the Department of Public Health and Charities of Philadelphia, says: "TAKE NUXATED IRON." So says Dr. A. J. Newman, late of the Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago; Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon St. Elizabeth's Hospital New York; Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, and others. Wm. R. Kerr, former Health Commissioner of Chicago, says Nuxated Iron should be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country.

Now, doctor, why not give your patients the same kind of iron that Dr. Hornstine and other physicians felt was best for them to take—Nuxated Iron? Your patient's health and welfare comes first—medical ethics second. If a remedy is best for the doctor, why is it not best for the patient? Two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron taken three times per day after meals will often increase the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down folks 100 per cent. in two weeks' time. Your druggist will refund your patient's money if it doesn't.

WHO HE IS

Dr. Hornstine was graduated from the Medico - Chirugical College of Philadelphia. Later he was physician on the hospital staff of this college for three years. He was also connected with the Hospital Staff of the Mt. Sinai Hospital, Philadelphia, for one year. He was a Physician on the Philadelphia Board of Health for ten years and Police Surgeon in the City of Philadelphia for seven years. He is also a writer of plays and has written and produced more than 30 plays and dramas.

Read Below What Dr. Hornstine Says:

During my ten years' connection with the Department of Public Health and Charities as District Physician, and with the Department of Public Safety as Police Surgeon, also as a member of important hospital staffs, I was often asked by both physicians and laymen: 'Doctor, what do you recommend to renew the supply of iron in the blood of people in a weak, nervous, run-down state? While knowing that iron deficiency was the cause of this debilitated condition, and that iron must be supplied before renewed strength could be obtained, I nevertheless always hesitated about giving an opinion. This was simply because of my lack of confidence in the ordinary forms of metallic iron salts, with which there has been so much dissatisfaction. After carefully examining the formula of Nuxated Iron, I realized that here at last was organic iron—the only kind I could conscientiously recommend, prepared in such a way with other ingredients as to be easily assimilated and calculated to act as a quick revitalizer of the blood and a true strength builder. ITS ADMINISTRATION IN A NUMBER OF STUBBORN CASES WHERE OTHER TONICS HAD UTTERLY FAILED, ONLY SERVED TO CONVINCE ME ABSOLUTELY OF THE REMARKABLE AND UNUSUAL POWER OF NUXATED IRON. WHEN I PERSONALLY TOOK IT, I FOUND THE RAPIDITY WITH WHICH MY ENERGY AND ENDURANCE INCREASED MOST SURPRISING. The fact that this preparation of iron does not injure the teeth, nor upset the stomach, makes it especially desirable. In my opinion, the widespread use of Nuxated Iron is bound to make a nation of stronger men, lovelier women and healthier children.

Dr. Nathaniel Hornstine

NOTE—Nuxated Iron which has been used by Dr. N. H. Hornstine with such surprising results and which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under sixty who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

"Going to do? Are you going to let him?"

"Let him?" He looked steadily at her, and she returned the gaze as steadily. "Yes," he said, "I'm going to let him. And if I tried to stop him I'd get my deserts. I think I know my brother Jim. And I fancy it would take more than his brother to drag him away from your sister." He hesitated a moment. "Is she like—like you."

"A year younger—yes, we are alike. . . . And you say that you are going to let him—marry her?"

"Yes—if you don't mind."

The challenge was in his eyes, and she accepted it.

"Is your brother Jim like you?"

"A year younger—yes. . . . May he marry her?"

She strove to speak easily, but to her consternation she choked, and the bright color dyed her face from neck to hair.

This must not be; she must answer him. To flinch now would be impossible—giving a double meaning and double understanding to a badinage light as air. Alas! Il ne faut pas badiner avec l'amour! Then she answered, saying too much in an effort to say a little with careless and becoming courage.

"If he is like you, he may marry her . . . I am glad he is your brother."

The answering fire burned in his face; she met his eyes, and twice her own fell before their message.

He leaned forward, elbows on the table, hot face between his hands; a careless attitude for others to observe, but a swift glance warned her what was coming—coming in a low, casual voice, checked at intervals as tho he were swallowing

"You are the most splendid girl I ever knew." He dropped one hand and picked up a flower that had slipped from her finger-bowl. "You are the only person in the world who will not think me crazy for saying this. We're a headlong race. Will you marry me?"

She bent her head thoughtfully, pressing her mouth to her clasped fingers. Her attitude was repose itself.

"Are you offended?" he asked, looking out of the window.

There was a slight negative motion of her head.

A party of assorted travelers rose from their table and passed them, smiling discreetly; the old minister across the aisle mused in his coffee-cup, caressing his shaven face with wrinkled fingers. The dining-car grew very still.

"It's in the blood," he said, under his breath; "my grandparents eloped; my father's courtship lasted three days from the time he first met my mother—you see what my brother has done in twenty-four hours. . . . We do things more quickly in these days. . . . Please—please don't look so unhappy!"

"I—I am not unhappy. . . . I am willing to —hear you. You were saying something about—about——"

"About love."

"I—think so. Wait until those people pass!"

He waited, apparently hypnotized by the beauty of the car ceiling. Then: "Of course, if you were not going to be my sister-in-law tomorrow, I'd not go into family matters."

"No, of course not," she murmured.

So he gave her a brief outline of his own affairs, and she listened with bent head until there came the pause which was her own cue.

"Why do you tell me this?" she asked, innocently.

"It—it—why, because I love you."

On common ground once more, she prepared for battle, but to her consternation she found the battle already ended and an enemy calmly preparing for her surrender.

"But when—when do you propose to—to do this?"

"Now," he said, firmly.

"Now? Marry me at once?"

"I love you enough to wait a million years—but I won't. I always expected to fall in love; I've rather fancied it would come like this when it came; and I swore I'd never let the chance slip by. We're a headlong family—but a singularly loyal one. We love but once in

(Continued on Page 17.)

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words; less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

SALESMEN WANTED

TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED—Experience unnecessary. Earn while you learn. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for large list of openings and testimonials from hundreds of members we have placed in positions paying $1200 to $500 a month. Address nearest office. Dept. 103-K, National Salesman's Training Ass'n, Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS, WE NEED MEN AND WOMEN right now to take orders for world's greatest raincoat values. Dandy coat $3.98. Sixty-five fabrics. Dozens of styles. Made to measure and delivered direct from our big factory to your customer. No delivering. Profit in advance. Easy to sell. Cooper making $300 monthly. Glover $61.50 first four days. Nealy 23 orders in 2 days. Four average orders a day gives you $2500 a year profit. Full outfit and sample coat given. Write for wonderful offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-11, Dayton, Ohio.

STOP HERE! JUST OUT! EISEN REGULator for Ford Headlights. Selling like wildfire everywhere. Gives splendid driving light at low speed; keeps bulbs from burning out; operates automatically. Wanted for every Ford. Big profits quick. Listen: Siler, Okla., sells 12 daily, profit $120. McFarland, Neb., made $3,492 in 7 weeks. No experience necessary; we show you how. Sales guaranteed. Not sold by dealers. Write today for special offer and information. Address Eisen Co., 658 Valentine Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO WEAR A BEAUTI[illegible] suit made to your own measure free, and make $35 to $50 extra every week? You can be the best dressed man in your town and earn a lot of extra money if you write at once for our beautiful samples and wonderful offer. The Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. 267, Chicago.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILlow tops, luminous crucifix, photo plates, frames, sheet pictures, papier mache frames, etc. Lowest prices; rejects credited; prompt shipments; 30 days' credit; catalog and sample free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk V, Chicago.

AGENTS! QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! Outfit free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Underwear and General Dry Goods. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. EA, 425 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS: SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 135 in four days; profit $67. You can do same with our sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

$50 WEEKLY AND UP SELLING MEXICAN Diamonds. Exactly resemble genuine; same rainbow fire; stand tests; sell at sight; repeat orders. Write quick for sample case offer free. Mexican Diamond Importing Co., S. J. Las Cruces, New Mexico.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THE GREATest indigestion remedy known. C. G. Gonond's Rough Riders, one dozen 25 cts., boxes $1.20, sells for $3.00. C. G. Gonond, Edmondson, Ark.

$1.95 FOR MEN'S MADE-TO-ORDER PANTS worth $5.00. Sample free. Money-making offer for agents, part time or all. Write today. Chicago Tailors' Association, Dept. C 22, So. Franklin St. Chicago

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPREsentative to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York City.

NEW PATRIOTIC WAR ATLAS FREE with my 1917 "Business Guide." Sells everywhere. Beginners clear $17 daily. 40% commission. Outfit free. Prof. Nichols, Box B1, Naperville, Ill.

GET DAVIS' LATEST PROPOSITION, $15.00 daily a cinch. No matter how often you have answered my advertisements in last 20 years, get my 1917 "Prosperity Offer." E. M. Davis, Dept. 609, 900 Lake, Chicago.

PANTS $1.00, SUIT $3.75, MADE TO MEASure. For even a better offer than this write and ask for free samples and styles. Knickerbocker Tailoring Co., Dept. 662, Chicago.

AGENTS — EVE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED FEMALE

TRUSTWORTHY WOMEN MAKE MONEY IN spare time introducing priscilla fabrics, dresses, underwear, specialties, among friends. Beautiful samples furnished. Fitzcharles Company, Department 179, Trenton, New Jersey.

HELP WANTED

CHIROPRACTIC DOCTORS MAKE LARGE incomes; our graduates earn $5,000 to $6,000 yearly; be independent; work for yourself; this big paying profession easily learned by correspondence; special rates now; illustrated book free. American University, Dept. 312, 162 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

THOUSANDS GOVERNMENT JOBS NOW open to men-women, $100.00 month. Common education sufficient. Vacations. Short hours. Rapid promotion. Write immediately for free list of positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 39, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—LIVE WIRE SALESMEN FOR our calling cards, wedding and commercial stationery. New designs in matic cards, big commissions, liberal cash premiums. Forman Printery, Box 693BX, Waterbury, Conn.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WANT A BIGGER JOB? MORE SALARY? Less work? Particulars free. Henry Shaw, Director, 44 Boylston St., Boston, Dept. 10.

BECOME CHAUFFEURS. $25 WEEK. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 809, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

MEN, BECOME LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN, brakemen, electric motormen and conductors and earn big money. Hundreds placed to work $75 and $100 month. No experience necessary. Write at once. Inter Railway Dept. 1A), Majestic Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL, POST OFfice, rural carrier "exams" everywhere soon. Get prepared by former Government civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur Robert Patterson Institute, Rochester, N. Y.

$20.00 WEEKLY MADE WRITING NAMES for mail order houses. No canvassing. Particulars free. The Guide Company, Dept. B, Memphis, Tenn.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

DON'T PREPARE FOR ANY CIVIL SERVice examination without seeing our catalogue. Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

MAKE $25 PER WEEK AT HOME AS MANager of a circular and sample distributing bureau; no capital required. National Publicity Bureau, Dept. 2, Kalamazoo, Mich.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK, also instructed by former U. S. Govt. detective. Write J. Ganon, Danville, Ill.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS NEED SOCKS. Good money made at home knitting hosiery. Machines furnished on time. We pay you liberally for making the goods the year round. Wheeler, Inc., F, 337 Madison, Chicago.

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25 to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb

REAL ESTATE

A SMALL FARM IN CALIFORNIA WILL make you more money with less work. You will live longer and better. Delightful climate. Rich soil. Hospitable neighbors. Good roads, schools and churches. Write for our San Joaquin Valley illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner. AT&SF Ry., 1931 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

MISSOURI LANDS

$5.00 DOWN, $5.00 MONTHLY; SEVEN acres fruit, poultry, riverfront farm in Ozarks; $100.00. Hunting, fishing. 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

FARMING IS THE BUSINESS TODAY THAT is getting the money. The men who owns land is getting the best of it. Get into this class yourself. I have lands in Michigan for general farming, stock, dairying, poultry, vegetables, fruit. Near lakes, streams, good roads, towns, schools. A few hours ride from Chicago. Small or large tracts, $15 to $35 per acre. Easy terms. Write for free booklet. Ask about cheap excursions. George W. Swigart, N1245 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

COAL IS HIGH AND WILL BE HIGHER next winter. Greatest invention yet solves coal problem. Every house a prospect. We need a representative in every district in United States. Exclusive selling rights and handsome outfit furnished. Write immediately before your territory is taken. Cosmic Products Company, 855 Valentine St., St. Louis, Mo.

$1 MAY START YOU TO FORTUNE. GET your share of millions being paid in oil dividends. An interest in our cooperative well may earn you $100 monthly. Full information, complete maps free. Write today. General Offices, Souriska Texas Oil Co., 2823 Ann, St. Louis, Mo.

LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE. Small investments in oil making millionaires. Address Midwest Investment Bureau, 683 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY, SMALL CAPITAL starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

SEND US YOUR IDEA[illegible] PHOTOPLAYS, stories, etc. We a[illegible]n in any form —correct free—sell o[illegible]sion. Big re[illegible]wards. Make mon[illegible] details now. Writer's Selling Serv[illegible]), Auburn, N. Y.

OLD COI[illegible] WANTED

WILL PAY $2.00 FOR 1904 DOLLAR, proof; 10c for 1912 nickels S. Mint; $100.00 for Dime 1894 S. Mint. We want thousands coins and stamps. We offer up to $1,000.00 for certain dates. Send 4c now for our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED ON CASH and royalty basis. Inventors and manufacturers write at once. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 2044 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

SONG POEMS

SONG WRITERS' "MANUAL AND GUIDE" free! We compose and facilitate free publication or sale. Submit poems. Knickerbocker Studios, 113 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

ROOTS, HERBS AND EVERGREENS

$5 A DAY GATHERING EVERGREENS, roots and herbs. 10c brings book and war prices. Particulars free. Botanical-E, New Haven, Conn.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES — HOW AND where to find them. Particulars for stamp. Bee Company, Kansas City, Missouri.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO HABIT CURED BY HARMLESS recipe. Sent free. Superba Co., F4, Baltimore, Md.

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Actual search and patentability report free. Send sketches and description, or model, of your invention. My patent sales service gets full value. 1917 edition ninety-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 260 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES" is a 72-page treatise telling what to invent and where to sell it. Manufacturers constantly writing for patents. Help supply the demand. Books free. H. S. Hill, 933 McLachlen Building, Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Free book tells what to invent and how to obtain patent through our credit system. Talbert & Parker, 4276 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT, ADVICE AND books free. Highest references. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

MISCELLANEOUS

SAFETY RAZOR BLADES RESHARPENED, 4 Single 25c; 4 double 3c. Meentzen, Dept E, Beaumont, Texas

PERSONAL

MEN SUFFERING WITH CHRONIC DISeases and discouraged, should consult Dr. Howe, a successful specialist, 112 North Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y. Married or single, get in touch with him, he can help you. Forget past failures. Question blank and confidential advice free. Write today.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; REmember, we cure chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book, symptom blank and advice free sealed. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY RICH—FOR QUICK RESULTS, JOIN our club. Thousands worth from $1,000 to $50,000 desire early marriage; particulars and photos free. Sealed. Confidential. Either sex. Standard Club, Box 610, Grayslake, Ill.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES, Egyptian Secrets and many other rare books. Catalogue 2c. Star Novelty Co., E 201, Camden, N. J.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY: THOUSANDS WEALTHY; ALL religions, nationalities. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Peoples Club, San Diego, California.

MAGIC WORDS! SECRET, SURE METHOD of obtaining anything you want. Postpaid for dime. Lida Smedley, 141 Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MEN—COIN MONEY, SELL PICTURES MEN like 6[illegible] 12 [illegible]x10 Sepia sea[illegible]aris Art Co., D, Kalamazoo, Mich. Terms with orders.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBlication for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

FASCINATING PICTURES—NOVELTIES— sensational books. Five nifty samples 10c. Rick Co. (B), Loganport, Ind.

GET MARRIED; LARGE, HANDSOMELY illustrated matrimonial magazine mailed free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

SECRETS, MAGIC, MYSTERY, MIND READing. Send only 20c for this $1 book. Send now. D. Union Book Co., Palatine, Ill.

MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. E. Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GET MARRIED—BIG PAPER WITH ALL names, addresses, descriptions, photos 25c. Wren, 45, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 20 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

5,000,000

READERS WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Fault may be found where it is not

By concealing the truth one frequently advertises it.

A truthful man never makes a success as a fisherman.

Two hearts are better than one—if they are trumps

You can't tell which way a train has gone by its track.

Shiftless people are never the ones who worry about it.

An old bachelor says that a prude is a coquette gone to seed

Climbing hills before we come to them is what makes us tired.

People who talk a great deal seldom find time to say anything.

People with long faces absorb much sunshine and reflect none.

An ounce of taffy on a stick is worth a pound of epitaphy on a tombstone.

She is a wise woman who has her way while her husband believes he is boss.

When a man shows a Christian spirit in an argument things are coming his way

A gentleman is a human being combining a woman's gentleness and a man's courage.

Don't think too much of your own methods. Other people may be right about them.

Some men are born great and others roll up their trousers and wade right into greatness.

After a woman reaches the age of 40 it is impossible to convince her that the good all die young.

Some women hardly get a wedding dress before they begin to look up material for a divorce suit.

Married men as a rule do not lie from choice, but their wives persist in asking them everything.

It isn't work that kills. It's the worry caused by having to work that increases an undertaker's bank balance.

There is nothing dearer to a man than a good wife—with the possible exception of her shopping expeditions.

Don't wait for great opportunities. A long continuous walk will get you over more ground than a short run.

A married man says that a wife should be like a roast lamb—tender and sweet, nicely done, but without sauce.

After a man reaches the age of 40 he quits trying to secure the moon and gives his entire attention to getting the earth.

If a man saves a cent each day he will not need to risk the loss of a friend at the end of the year by trying to borrow a dollar.

War and Women

A LETTER AND A SWEATER.

Dear Lad, the military orders say
That I must knit for you in solemn gray;
Yet as my needles click, it almost seems
I'm knitting more than wool. A coat of dreams
I weave for you, compact of gleams and glory,
Gayer than Joseph's, in the Bible story

An azure thread (invisible, 'tis true)
Slips in at thought of the dear eyes of you;
And from the mist of memory is seen
A happy glint of fresh and Maytime green
For days we spent together, magic hours
Of sunshine, laughter, and the smell of flowers.

Now the gray wool seems brighter to behold,
Until it shines like skeins of burnished gold
At thoughts of dear, kind, foolish things you said
One evening, when the sunset burned its red;
And last of all, one thread of rosy hue,
At thought of—yes, you've guessed—a kiss for you!

—Fenella.

RUTH LAW, FLIER.

Five or six years ago while most other girls her age were thinking about parties and beaux and pretty frocks Ruth Law was watching the aeroplanes down at Marblehead, says the Chicago Daily News. Her home was in Boston, and she had gone thru high school there, and fast upon the heels of her graduation came the fever for flying. No man would listen then to a woman's plea to be taught to fly—that was something beyond the sex, but the pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired daughter of New England was not to be denied. She coaxed the instructor of aviation at Marblehead to teach her the rudiments of the art, which she mastered in six weeks, and then she began her flights

Since that time she has passed whole winters on the Florida coast taking up fashionable winter residents as passengers, among them Mrs. Henry Clews; she has won the medal for long distance flying between Chicago and New York; she has soared over the battlefields of France and just lately she has been flying in Chicago to help the Allies in their efforts at recruiting.

While the Kilties marched along the streets of Chicago, her biplane swooped and circled in the air above them throwing down bombs which scattered messages to eligible men to join the colors. Just how patriotic her work is, is told in the fact that she does it as a labor of love, with not one cent of remuneration, and it is known that her regular price for flying is $1,000 a day. Later she expects to fly for Uncle Sam in France, and she has applied for a commission.

Apparently the first morning's experience in Chicago had given Miss Law, or Mrs. Charles Oliver, as she is in private life, an appetite, as she was calmly finishing her luncheon in company with her husband when she was asked to talk a little about "how it feels to fly." The flier and her manager-husband had just come from the hangar on the lake front where Miss Law's machine was being fitted out with an electric sign which was to illuminate the heavens the following night.

"It is only the second time an electric sign has ever been attached to an aeroplane. I used the word 'Liberty' when I circled the Liberty statue in New York the evening after the liberty parade in New York, and tomorrow night I shall have the word 'Enlist' in electric letters under my machine," she said.

There had been no intermediate time for rest or primping after the flight, and Miss Law was still wearing her flying costume, which is the regulation United States Army uniform. At the collar are the eagles which denote the aviation corps.

Miss Law is slight, with little white hands that belie their looks, for she has a strong grip particularly with her right. She will not confess to any fear of flying, but admits that she does not like to fly over water. And she carries a lucky stone. It is a milky opal. "A gem expert gave me a piece of meteorite which is supposed to be extremely lucky, but I kept on carrying my opal. It was once set in a ring, the first my husband ever gave me." This in defiance of the popular superstition that opals are unlucky unless worn by an October child. Mr. Oliver has charge of his wife's machines and always is the last one to look her plane over before she starts up. Their trip abroad last year was made for the purpose of studying the advance made in aviation abroad.

It makes a woman thrill with pride to hear this clever, cool-headed, very normal and sane woman tell of her achievements.

HOW WOMEN MAY HELP.

The comforts committee of the Navy League is working to supply our sailors, marines and coast guard men with knitted articles to help keep them warm while they pursue the elusive submarine, writes Frederic J. Haskin, the Chicago Daily News correspondent in Washington. As there are about 200,000 men to be supplied the help of women thruout the country is solicited by the Navy League.

At the headquarters of the comforts committee at Washington there is a show window piled with khaki-colored bundles of knitted articles ready to be shipped to the marines. Inside are more bundles, gray this time, for the sailors. Each gray bundle contains a sleeveless jacket, muffler, wristlets and a helmet; it represents part of some woman's share toward solving the war relief problem. As the needs of the marines are somewhat different, a marine's package contains a sleeveless jacket, a tan linen handkerchief, a waterproof pouch and a sewing kit.

The comforts committee campaign has the approval of Secretary Daniels and of naval officers thruout the country, many of whom have written to the Navy League to express their appreciation of the work. In his order authorizing the use of the committee's output for the sailors, Secretary Daniels said: "The men of the Navy could gladly use certain articles of comfort which are not supplied by the Government. These are principally knitted articles to keep them warm during severe weather and when engaged in exposed work in small boats, such as picket work, mine laying, submarine service and patrol boat service."

Our Navy has often been termed a warm weather Navy, because it has spent its winters in Southern waters and its summers no farther North than Newport or Bar Harbor. But now the Navy faces the prospect of a winter in the North Sea and the North Atlantic. Our heavy hulled battleships keep their crews warmer, but the men on the smaller craft feel the chill, even in June. In a letter home, an officer on a destroyer wrote: 'I am wearing every article of clothing I possess and the ice is caked on me."

Destroyer crews are most in need of the warm clothing and have been outfitted first by the comforts committee. Now our other sailors are being supplied. The Navy Department has asked for an appropriation of $4,500,000 to be spent on heavier uniforms for its men, but naval officers state that any amount of warm clothing can always be used.

Any group of women or girls who wish to form a unit have only to write the Navy League headquarters, 1201 Sixteenth street, Northwest, Washington, D. C., stating the amount of work they will do in three months. The money to pay for materials is collected by the group, and yarn and needles are purchased from the committee at cost. Full directions are furnished by the league. In cities where the committee has branch headquarters, instructions in knitting may be obtained from women who offer their services as teachers.

In every case a record is kept, showing the name of the purchaser, amount of wool purchased and the use to which it is put. This is necessary because the committee found itself selling materials to women who had no intention of helping the sailors, but merely wished to secure materials cheaply for private use.

When the articles are turned in at headquarters they are given to women who finish and strengthen the edges. Before a finished set can be shipped it must be passed by an inspector. If it is not well enough made for the sailors it is ripped out and made over; if it is not made according to the standard it may be sent to a man in the mosquito fleet, where there are no rigid regulations as to equipment. The designs of the comforts committee articles are approved by the Navy Department, and for this reason the committee can send to the Navy Department nothing but garments made on the accepted lines. If the work passes the test it is folded into a small bundle, with the jacket as a wrapper for the smaller article, and is ready for shipment.

Lest this project of knitting for the Navy might seem to involve an undue amount of time and labor, it should be stated that the set of articles provided could not be manufactured for $2.75, the cost of a set at the wholesale rate of the committee, and manufactured articles would not be so strongly made. Knitting machines have been tried out by the committee, but they are expensive and at best are satisfactory for knitting only certain articles.

"DON'TS" FOR LOYAL PEOPLE.

It is difficult always to say the right thing at the right time. And sometimes the wrong thing will suggest itself in spite of all that the speaker may do, says the Houston Post.

Just at this period in the life of the Nation it is imperative that a close watch be kept over the lips that are given to talking too much. And for the assistance of those so burdened Doctor Slosson of the history department of Columbia University has compiled these "don'ts:"

"Don't say, 'My country right or wrong.' We aren't wrong.

"Don't call national necessity and international justice by any name as vague as 'national honor.'

"Don't say Wall street or 'British gold' or the 'Northcliffe press' made this war. You don't have to bribe a nation to make it resent the murder of its citizens.

"Don't call every pro-Ally 'pro-British.' Great Britain is only one of a dozen or so of the Allies.

"Don't say that both sides think they are fighting a defensive war. A man may honestly think that two and six are eleven, but it doesn't make them so.

"Don't call universal training 'Prussian militarism.' It is no more Prussian than it is Swiss, French, British, Argentine, Japanese or Australian.

"Don't say that we owe aid to France on account of Lafayette. We didn't help France in 1870, and we were right not to do so. We owe no aid to any nation when it is fighting (as at present) in a righteous quarrel.

"Don't say that 'it doesn't make any difference to the workingman what country governs him.' On the contrary, it makes more difference to him than to any one else, because the rich man can spend his time in travel or buy his way into the privileged class if he finds political conditions oppressive."

Few citizens of America would intentionally be guilty of disloyalty either in word or deed. But just as there are traitors among our people, so there are traitorous tongues, and it is imperative that we guard against anything that savors of disloyalty.

Doctor Slosson's "don'ts"—if they shall be obeyed—will save many after regrets for those who thoughtlessly utter sentiments which their hearts and minds do not indorse.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS!

Take orders for World's Greatest Raincoat Values. 60 fabrics, dozens of styles. Made to measure. Delivered direct to customer. Handy outfit free. Cooper Making $3,000 a Month Cooper $61.50 in 4 days. Many $50 to $70 a week. We deliver and collect. You get your profit in advance. Samples free. Write for our offer. Cooper Mfg. Co. Dept. B12, Dayton, O.

Samples Given

DO YOUR EYES BOTHER YOU? Agents wanted to sell glasses. Send for catalog. COULTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. A. CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS—$500 A MONTH

Selling the Orchestrola on INSTALLMENTS

No Delivering or Collecting

We Carry the Accounts

Attractive terms. Every family can now afford to own a phonograph. Payments within easy reach of everybody. You have no delivering or collecting. No investment. We carry the accounts. All you have to do is to demonstrate the machine and send us the order. A wonderful money-maker. $5,000 to $10,000 a year easy for a real hustler.

Our Prices are 30% Lower

The orchestrola is easy to sell. We manufacture machine complete—motor, tone arm, sound box, cabinet. You sell direct from factory to home and save 30% on the retail price. Plays all makes of disc records without attachments. Wonderful tone. A demonstration makes a sale almost every time.

CABINET MACHINE and Portable Sample FREE

Write for territory and our plan of furnishing representatives with a full sized cabinet machine, also portable sample FREE. Positively no capital required. We furnish everything, only determination and push necessary. Write today.

The Orchestrola Co., 8917 Gay St., Dayton, O.

BIG MAIL FREE!

POST OFFICE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

King's Mountain Boys

Or, Under Liberty's Banner

By Captain Jack Judson

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 23, June 9. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

AS THE battle raged a gigantic Tory struck Tommy's weapon from his grasp, and would have finished the heroic youth, had not Allan sprung to his assistance and overcome the fellow.

"I'll remember this, Allan!" shouted Tommy. "You've won my lasting friendship," and he went again into the melee, his voice ringing out above the battle storm.

"Here they come again!" Ethan cried, as the redcoats, urged on by Ferguson's battle call, swept once more down the hill.

It looked like the last desperate charge, and so fierce was it that the center could not hold its ground. The fighting boys were driven back by main force. Paul was left on the ground to be trampled on by the downrushing column, and his companions gave him up for lost.

At this moment Campbell, seeing the danger that menaced his young friends, ordered his best borderers to their relief, and again the enemy was halted at the very moment of their victory.

Old Jason, at the head of the relieving force, performed prodigies of valor. He threw himself before Ethan and warded off a blow from a Tory rifle; then he fell upon the luckless Loyalist before he could parry his stroke and stretched him on the ground.

"Yonder's your man!" he said, as he turned to Ethan. "Over there is Captain Rough."

Ethan turned to look, and his face grew white with eagerness. The burly figure of Tobias Shell, clad in buckskin, seemed the most prominent object in sight. Ferguson on his white horse was not such a target as Captain Rough.

At that moment Ethan, remembering the wrongs which the Whigs had suffered at that monster's hands, raised his rifle and his cheek dropped to the stock. His finger was at the trigger when a ball whizzing from the top of the hill tore the weapon from his grasp, and he was helpless to avenge his countrymen. At that instant the figure of Captain Rough disappeared and the boy glanced with a grim smile at Jason.

"Now!" shouted Campbell. "This time to the top of the hill!"

The borderers responded with loud cheers, and the whole column swept forward. Louder than ever shrilled the whistle of the despairing redcoats. Old Jason looked in the direction from which the call had come, and sighted along the long barrel of his weapon.

"For liberty and Washington!" Ethan heard him say. "This is Jason's payment in full for the past!"

Even above the roar of the desperate conflict was heard the peculiar crack of that celebrated rifle.

The man on the white horse went down and the silver whistle was silenced forever!

The mountain fight had raged for an hour with charge and countercharge. The Loyalists had been driven from their last stand, tho they valiantly disputed every inch of ground. The battle lulled for a moment and to the ears of the patriots came the clear rataplan of a drum.

On a rock stood a boy with his hands beating the charge, his handsome face circled by a mass of yellow curls and his bright eyes aflame with the passion of war. His slender figure was outlined against a patch of sky, and Ethan gazed at him in admiration of his bravery.

"White boy beat no more!" suddenly cried a voice at the youth's side, and he turned to see Red Fox with leveled rifle and his dark eye riveted on the youthful drummer.

"No!" cried Ethan, as he dashed the weapon from the Otari's hands. "That boy is too brave to die!"

"The young serpents can sting like the old ones!" growled the Indian, picking up his weapon, but Ethan Byrd threw himself between Red Fox and the youth on the rock.

For the last time urged on by the call of the drum, the combined ranks of British and Tories rushed down King's Mountain at their enemies. There was now no need for the border leaders to tell their men to stand firm.

The on-sweeping lines came closer and closer, and with them, hatless and shouting at the top of his voice, was seen Captain Rough, for one time, at least, no coward. Ethan and his friends braced themselves for the onset.

With a crash the lines came together; there were shouts of vengeance on both sides, and suddenly the youthful leader found himself face to face with his old captor.

"You fight me now, boy?" shouted Tobias Shell, as he darted at Ethan.

"Fairly, Captain Rough," responded Ethan, as he turned aside the uplifted rifle.

What would have been the result of the encounter had it been fought out, no one knows; but at that moment the form of Tommy Lutz appeared like a tiger bounding from his jungle lair, and the boy's weapon descended with masterful force upon the unprotected head of the Tory scourge.

"The whole land owed him that!" said Tommy, looking at his work. "King George will never promote him again."

As has been said, it was the last charge by the enemy. As the beaten ranks went slowly up the hill, the noise of the little drum on the rock sounded loud and clear. Colonel De Puyster raised the white flag and pressed his sword into Campbell's hands.

The battle was over, and when Ethan looked once more at the drummer he saw that he was cutting his drum to pieces.

"The bravest boy in the world!" exclaimed the young partisan, as he threw down his knife and bounded toward the youthful drummer.

Percy watched Ethan with wide-open eyes, and as he came up threw the shattered drum at his feet.

"We will not be foes!" cried Ethan, holding out his hand, but Percy fell back with a look of disdain.

"I am for the King!" he said loftily, looking into Ethan's face.

"I am for liberty," was the response, "but even this should not make us enemies."

Percy's head dropped upon his breast, and Ethan saw a tear glisten on his cheek.

"Where is my Colonel?" asked Percy, looking up at last.

"He is over yonder," replied Master Byrd, and then, as the drummer realized the truth, an arm softly encircled him and the two boys went slowly down the hill together.

The fierce fight was over. Never would Patrick Ferguson rejoin his General, and the power of the King was forever broken among the Southern mountains.

The sun went down upon that singular battlefield upon which every patriot had covered himself with glory, and none more so than the liberty boys. And that night as Ethan rode back, Percy, who rode at his side, told him of the home across the sea.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SUN OF LIBERTY.

IT WAS a great fight and a glorious victory, lad," said Jason Moore to Ethan, several days after the battle of King's Mountain. "The Earl will wait a long time for his allies."

"Yes, Jason. We are rid of Colonel Ferguson and the silver whistle sounds no more."

It had, indeed, been a great struggle among the trees and rocks of the lonely ridge. Ferguson's army had been almost destroyed. The few that escaped the bullets of the mountain men had been taken prisoners, and the borderers themselves had lost but ninety heroes from their ranks.

Ethan and his comrades had separated to their homes, there to recount the thrilling adventures thru which they had lately passed. The whole district felt the King's cause had been dealt a great blow by its enemies, and all looked forward to the time when not a redcoat or a Tory would strike at their firesides.

"If you could get the boys together, Ethan," continued Jason, "we would attend a little party tonight."

The young partisan looked into the old scout's face with a query in his glance.

"Our old acquaintance, Master Meccam, has sent out secret invitations for a little gathering at his house tonight. It is not for Whigs like ourselves, not at all, lad, but we might go as uninvited guests, if for nothin' more than to see how old Davy likes the news from King's Mountain."

Ethan caught eagerly at the idea.

"I'll marshall the boys," said he. "If you will meet me at the forks of the road at 8, we will gallop to the house on the hill and greet Master Meccam in the most approved style."

"Bring Tommy along," replied Jason. "The boy might want the coat he left at the house on his last visit. There'll be no whippin' for the young chap tonight."

"And Red Fox?" queried Ethan.

"I don't know as the young Indian would care to go, but, if he will, don't [illegible] fetchin' him along, Ethan."

Master Byrd promised and the two separated.

The old Tory had for certain purposes of his own sent out invitations for a gathering of his friends under his roof. He was still hostile to the cause of liberty, and the defeat of his friends at King's Mountain had but intensified his hatred.

Naomi was still an inmate of Helen's home, and the two girls had got along famously together, for the Tory's daughter had rejoiced greatly over the late victory, and the roses had come back to her cheeks.

Promptly at 8 o'clock, when Jason appeared at the rendezvous mounted on his wiry little horse, he found the band waiting for him, Tommy had been found and was present, and Red Fox, wearing his plume of hawk feathers, greeted the old scout with a slight inclination of his head.

"I've read somewhere," said Jason with a smile, "than in high circles across the water they issue cards of invitation for parties, but I calkerlate that Master Meccam has quite overlooked us."

"This is my card," laughed Paul, patting the rifle which reposed on his horse's neck. "I think it will admit me, eh, Master Moore?"

"It took you to the top of King's Mountain, Paul," answered Jason.

There was a merry laugh at this apt reply, and the little cavalcade moved forward.

When the house on the hill came in sight, outlined against the clear October sky, it was seen that the interior was well lighted and a dozen horses were noticed among the trees in the grove.

Ethan rode at the head of the troop, and in a short time all appeared at the house itself.

"Master Meccam is already entertaining his guests," the youth said, with a glance at his companions. "He is even now making a little speech."

"What's that he is sayin'?" asked Jason, whose ears had caught the strong voice which came from the house.

All bent forward in listening attitudes, and heard plainly words which, at times during the campaign against Ferguson, might have stirred their blood, but now they only excited their derison.

"We must yet crush the rebellion in these parts!" cried David Meccam, whose giant figure could be descried by the listeners. "They have slaughtered the King's men on the mountain. They stole upon them like a pack of wolves. We must aid the Earl when he descends upon these Rebels like a storm cloud, and the trees of the forests shall bear human fruits. Whatever has happened I am still unconquered. My soul is wrapped up in the King's cause, and beneath his banner I am willing to battle till not a Rebel rides by night thru the hills."

The applause that greeted the Tory's speech brought merriment to the silent party outside.

"We will form a regiment of Loyalists," continued David Meccam, "and if a leader is needed, I shall place myself at its head and we will sweep these mountains like a besom of destruction. We are here tonight to renew our allegiance to the King. No Rebel shall ever again pass my door. Let us prove our loyalty to King George by ridding this lovely region of the last vestige of rebellion."

"That's good!" exclaimed Jason, rubbing his bronzed hands. "I couldn't have done half so well myself."

In another moment eight figures dropped noiselessly upon the porch, and Ethan rapped on the door with his face wreathed in smiles.

David Meccam's countentance underwent a sudden change as he crossed the room and turned the brazen knob. As he caught sight of the uninvited guests, he recoiled with a cry and seized the back of a table for support.

"Don't disturb yourselves," spoke Ethan, striding into the room at the head of his little band. "You seem to have overlooked us, Master David."

Consternation ran wild among the Tory's guests. There was a backward movement on the part of all, but Ethan, standing in the candlelight, threw up his hand.

"Pray, don't stir," said he. "We have only came to take part in the pleasure which Master Meccam has provided for his friends. The ladies are not to be insulted, and the men will not be carried off, tho, had we found those valiant gentlemen on King's Mountain last week, we might have treated them otherwise."

There was no reply. The blanched faces of the Tories told the young mountaineers that Ethan's assurance was not taken in earnest.

Master Meccam was the first of the King's adherents to find his tongue.

"By what authority," he exclaimed, fixing his gaze upon Ethan, do you invade my house?"

"By the authority of the Continental Congress and our own powers!" the boy answered. "Come, Master Meccam, let us take part in the proceedings."

"I will not!" roared the Tory, stamping the floor in his anger. "I am for the King. I acknowledge no Rebel Congress. I own no master but royal George!"

"We, too, acknowledge a George, but he is the hero of Long Island and Trenton!" Ethan cried. "He is the George of liberty, not the George of oppression. Now, gentlemen, we will turn this pleasant gathering into a different channel. Since Master Meccam has just proclaimed his intention of ridding the mountains of all Rebels, we invite him to begin with us."

The face of the Tory went crimson.

"You do not care to open the ball at home, I see?" Ethan continued, bantteringly.

"I answer no foe to the King!"

"Very well, Master Meccam. In the first place, I would ask you to restore a certain coat which was left at your house a few days since."

Instantly the Tory's gaze wandered to Tommy Lutz, who had been covertly watching him all the while.

"Come forward, Tommy, and claim your property," the youth went on. "I am quite sure Master Meccam has not destroyed it."

Old David did not stir.

"The boy's coat!" commanded Ethan, sternly. "And, by the way, Master Meccam, you will place in it ten pounds

Relief For Rupture Without Operation

We Allow A 60-Day Test—Entirely At Our Own Risk—To Prove It

No longer any need to drag through life at the mercy of leg-strap and spring trusses. No reason in the world for letting them force you to undergo a dangerous operation.

Away With Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days' trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluthe Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless.

Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why druggistores should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbugs—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 6000 people, including physicians. Write to-day—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny.

Box 25—Cluthe Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

Have You Backache, Gout, Rheumatism?

(BY M. C. LUCAS, M. D.)

American men and women should guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness, and often the poison reaches the tissues, causing rheumatism and gout.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead, when your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night, when you suffer with sick headache, or dizzy nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is wet, ask your druggist for Anuric (double strength). I have found in practice that Anuric is more potent than *urhia* and in most cases it will dissolve the uric acid as hot water does sugar.

Most people do neglect themselves. Their tongue has a dark brown color, skin sallow, breath bad, yet they fail to see that their machinery needs attention. Everybody should take a mild laxative at least once a week. A pleasant way to clear the tongue and the highly colored water noticed in the morning is to take a laxative which will cure the inactive liver and biliousness.

A pleasant vegetable pill is made up of May-apple, leaves of aloe and jalap, made into a tiny pellet and coated with sugar. First put up by Dr. Pierce nearly 50 years ago. Druggists sell these vegetable pellets in vials, simply ask for Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

of good and lawful currency for the rent of it."

"This is rank treason! It is infamous!"

"Tommy thought so at the time," smiled Ethan Byrd. "He had to go into battle with a borrowed garment and it was much too large for him. A sheep's skin hangs loosely on a lamb, you know."

There was no further opposition on the Loyalist's part, and at his command Tommy's coat was brought into the room by one of the grinning servants and cast sullenly at the boy's feet. Not only this, but ten pounds in gold coin was placed in the pockets, after which the lumbering youth put on his garment with more than one sly look at his companions.

"Now, gentlemen, one and all, you will swear allegiance to the cause of Washington," resumed Ethan.

"Never!" came from different parts of the room.

"We will not take the oath to treason!" exclaimed David Meccam, white once more.

"Not to treason, but to human liberty," put in Ethan. "Come, gentlemen, the night is passing and we must ride away."

"What if we should refuse?"

"Then to Colonel Shelby for trial!" flashed Jason, speaking for the first time. "I'll see that you make the Colonel's acquaintance. He has no heart for litter like you."

The giant Tory turned upon Jayson, and for a moment transfixed him with his hate impelling eyes.

"Ho!" he cried, "you're the Rebel I have posted."

"Aye, Master Meccam, and I'm here to claim the reward. The hare has come to the hunter."

Confronted by their enemies, there was no escape for the Tory and his friends. They were lined up against the wall and under the lights. A more sorrowful lot of King's men was never seen. Their downcast eyes and shrunken bodies almost excited the pity of their foes.

Their hands were slowly lifted at Ethan's command, and amid intense silence the leader of the liberty boys administered the oath against their King.

"That is all, gentlemen," added Ethan. "You are now good and loyal subjects of liberty. Permit me to extend congratulations. Long live Washington and freedom in North America!"

"And death to the cause of English George!" cried Jason, lifting his coonskin cap and displaying the track of a bullet at King's Mountain.

Silence pervaded the discomfited band against the wall.

"Now, boys," and Ethan turned to his companions. "Three good huzzas for the cause that won on the rocky ridge."

They were given with a will that made the silver chandeliers quiver, and died away on the air far beyond the open door where they awakened the echoes of the nearby hills.

"Good night all," Ethan said with a bow. "We wish you happiness underneath the banner to which you have graciously sworn allegiance. Mistress Naomi can now return to a liberty-loving house——"

"Never, sir!" broke out the Tory.

"I shall escort her home in person," the boy replied calmly. "To refuse her shelter is to violate your oath, and you shall suffer accordingly."

There was no reply to this, and a minute later the little band was riding down the road laughing at the success of their adventure.

"A pretty lot of new converts our cause has obtained," said Jason, with a nod of his head. "You don't expect the Tories to keep their oath, lad?"

"They will keep it," Ethan responded. "Fear is ever uppermost in a Tory's heart, and now that we have the upper hand in the mountains, not one of them will ever again give us trouble."

Ethan was true to his word. The following day he and Naomi rode thru the grove to the house on the hill, and the young girl dismounted at the porch covered with the last flowering vines of autumn. She opened the door and found her father seated with bowed head in his armchair.

Her voice aroused him. Old David rose slowly to his feet and looked Naomi squarely in the face. For a moment silence fell between them, and then the Tory held out his arms and Naomi rushed forward.

Let us hope that all was forgiven, and we can well believe it was, for the beautiful fugitive from home felt the flush of happiness come back to her cheeks, and the next day Helen came over and they played the spinet together whilst the gray-haired man who had served his King so well listened with a smile on his face.

The prisoners taken at King's Mountain were treated more humanely than the British treated some of their captives. Ethan saw that no harm came to little Percy the drummer boy, for he took him to his own home and taught him many of the ways of the forest.

It was a real pleasure to see the two boys, arm in arm, or riding together thru hills, their faces almost touching and their voices commingling in the healthy air.

"You will have to fight some more, Ethan," Percy said one day. "The war is not over yet."

"We boys are going to ride to the Swamp Fox," was the reply. "Cornwallis has turned about and seems to be marching toward Virginia. We shall cage the Earl one of these days, Percy."

"I almost wish you may," was the reply.

"After you have worn the King's scarlet?" exclaimed Ethan, amazed.

"Yes, even after all that. You have been so good to me, Ethan. You saved my life at King's Mountain, for I saw the young Indian when he raised his rifle for my destruction."

"It was the drum, the drum, Percy!" Ethan answered. "You beat advance even after your leader had fallen, and I could not see such a brave boy perish."

Time came when old Jason rode swiftly over the hills with the message for the liberty boys.

"Now for the bagging of Cornwallis!" he shouted. "The trail leads to Virginia. Washington needs the liberty boys."

"And Washington shall have every one of them!" came enthusiastically from Ethan's throat. "I will gather them together yet today, Jason, Master Tommy, and Red Fox, too. You will go with us, Jason?"

"To the glorious finish, lad! To the finish!" was the reply.

The next day the little band of heroes, well mounted and with many a blessing behind them, set out over the mountains to the last great campaign of the Revolution.

Not one was missing. Master Tommy declared it the happiest moment of his life, as indeed it was, and when he looked into Ethan's face in the full sunlight of the glorious autumn he exclaimed:

"You made me love liberty even against my will, Ethan. But for you I might have fought for the King," and Ethan knew that he had builded better than he thought.

When the great struggle came to an end in the trenches of Yorktown, the little company, without a comrade missing, rode back over the hills of the Old North State and for the last time made the welkin ring with shouts of victory.

It took Master Meccam, Tory that he was, a long time to forgive the liberty boys, but he came to it at last, tho grudgingly, for the old man loved bravery, and one night the house on the hill shone resplendent with many lights, and among his guests were the young heroes who forced him to swear fealty to the cause which had triumphed on the battlefield.

There came a time when—but why need I tell it?

Master Meccam gave Naomi away to Allan Weston, and Tommy Lutz was presented with a new coat by his former master, in the pockets of which were more than ten pounds which had been offered for his apprehension.

When Ethan and Helen had long been settled in their new home not far from King's Mountain, there came a letter from across the sea, and with it a drum for the wall of their little parlor—the gift of Ferguson's boy drummer.

So with liberty came love and happiness, and the Southern mountains never ceased to ring with the praises of the boys who had fought so well for freedom.

In next week's Ledger will appear another rattling good story, entitled, "Motion Picture Boys; or, On a Camera Hunt," by Anthony J. Wayne. Read it, you will find it thrilling and highly interesting.

The End.

The Eden Limited.

(Continued From Page 14.)

our lifetime; and when we love we know it."

"Do you think that this is that one time?"

"There is no doubt left in me."

"Then"—she covered her face with her hands, leaning heavily on the table—"then what on earth are we to do?"

"Promise each other to love."

"Do you promise?"

"Yes, I do promise, forever. Do you?" She looked up, pale as a ghost. "Yes," she said.

"Then—please say it," he whispered.

Some people rose and left the car. She sat apparently buried in colorless reverie. Twice her voice failed her; he bent nearer; and—

"I love you," she said.

The Engagement.

"Did you know that Miss Beeson and Mr. Hardike have announced their engagement?" asked the blue-eyed secretary.

"Really!" exclaimed the bond salesman. "You astonish me. I had no idea. It's like a love affair between a fountain pen and a wooden ruler. I didn't suppose they had any hearts at all."

"That's what we all thought," said the blue-eyed secretary, "but it looks as if they must have held options on each other's affection for some time."

"How did Hardike ever get up nerve enough to propose?"

"How did Alice Beeson ever pull herself together and utter the necessary affirmative?"

"It must have been the last word in refrigerated wooing. I'd never have suspected Hardike had a thrill in his adamant heart. I've been with him at melodramas when his were the only dry eyes in the house. Compared to this man Hardike, a clam from the cold, briny deep is a regular sob sister. In the light of my knowledge of Hardike I shall not believe the engagement story until it is officially confirmed by Miss Beeson herself."

"Neither will I," said the blue-eyed secretary. "Just the same, I'm trying to imagine what the proposal was like. I suppose he said, 'Miss Beeson, will you be busy three weeks from Saturday at 1:30 in the afternoon?' And she cried: 'Why, Mr. Hardike?' And he replied: 'I wish to marry you, if you will.' And she ended the dialog with: 'Thank you.'"

"Well!" shouted the manager of the foreign stocks department. "I see that Miss Beeson and Hardike's romance—and wonderful romance it was—is about to culminate."

"What do you mean—wonderful romance?" gasped the bond salesman.

"It was all that and more," pursued the manager of the foreign stocks department. "In the past year Hardike has saved Alice's life on four occasions. Twice in auto wrecks, once in a fire and once when a robber threatened her with a gun. She has saved his life once—made a tourniquet from her skirt when he fell from a friend's airplane and held the life in him until the doctors arrived. Also rescued him from bankruptcy when she overheard a plot to ruin him on the market."

"But—but I—I never knew that!" exclaimed the blue-eyed secretary.

"Nor I!" added the bond salesman.

"Certainly not! Why should you?" said the manager of the foreign stocks department. "Hardilke is the author of the slogan that should be hung in every office, 'When You Come to Work Leave Your Heart in the Locker.'"

Nobody Is Perfect.

"It is my observation," said Mr. Billtops, "that we all of us have, consciously or unconsciously, some one peculiarity in which our friends must indulge us.

"Now, take Mrs. Billtops; the gentlest, the most forbearing, the most serenely patient person on the face of the earth. You wouldn't think that Mrs. Billtops had any strange notion in which she must be humored. But she has just one, the same being that it is possible to carry an umbrella over her in such a manner as to shelter her completely. In this notion I humor her as far as I can, but I know that whenever we go anywhere in the rain I am in for trouble.

"I hold the umbrella 'way over on her side, always protecting her hat as far as possible, and calmly letting the rain drop down on my own hat and shoulder. But, no matter how I carry it, I simply cannot carry it to suit her. I always carry it wrong in some way, not far enough over or too high or too low.

"Can't you see that it's crushing my feather?' Mrs. Billtop says to me, in a tone low but of great concentration, at which I raise the umbrella a little, and then a moment later:

"'Don't you see that the rain is blowing in on my hat?' she says and then I hold it a little lower again, and I keep right on all the time doing the best I know how, tho the simple fact is that no man living could shelter any woman completely under an umbrella, unless he had one as big as the dome of the Capitol at Washington.

"It is a time of trial when I go out with Mrs. Billtops with an umbrella, its culmination coming after we get home, when she shakes her coat and her skirts and says: 'I am just soaking!' But it is soon over after that.

"You might think that these occasions would be a dread to me, but the fact is quite to the contrary, for it is by these little human lapses on Mrs. Billtops' part that I am made to realize more fully and gratefully the blessing of her all but perennial serenity."

Point in Ownership.

"Let me drive a while. Half of this car is mine."

"Didn't you agree to take the rear half and let me have the front half?"

"Yes."

"Well, the steering wheel belongs to the front half and that gives me the right to drive all the time."

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

It's Yours FREE

THIS SUIT made to your own individual measure, from the finest cloth and high grade linings. It won't cost one cent. We simply ask you to show it to your friends and recommend our clothes.

No Extra Charges

of any kind—All the latest fancy styles, extreme peg tops, fancy golf bottoms, fancy sleeve cuffs, fancy belt loops, pearl buttons—

Everything Free!

Earn $40 to $60 a Week

in your spare time. It's the easiest thing in the world. Write at once and get this new big offer. Even if you are an agent for another tailoring house, be sure and write for this new and most liberal offer ever made.

Don't Wait! Don't Delay!

Drop us a line at once. We prepay everything.

Washington Tailoring Co. Dept. 105, Chicago

Do You Love Children?

Why Fear Child Birth

YOU may avoid pains and suffering as have thousands of other women all over the country by writing for Dr. Dye's wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children. Write TODAY for FREE book, postpaid. Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 53 Lincoln Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sent on Free Trial

We'll send you this superb new Saxophone on 1 week's free trial. It costs us little if it goes your own then if you decide to buy pay only a few dollars a month.

WURLITZER

The house of Wurlitzer is now making a direct factory selling offer to you. We supply U. S. Government bands.

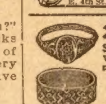
Play While You Pay

Use the instrument while you are paying. The Saxophone is easy to play. Many other instruments to choose from.

Write for Booklet Send for special booklet. Get our liberal terms. No obligations.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 6301 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O. S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

2 Rings and Bracelet FREE



Sell 6 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c box

Valuable preparation for burns, sores, bites, piles, catarrh, corns, bunions, etc. Returns the $1.50 when sold. We will send these 3 fine gold plated premiums, warranted, or choice from large catalog. Write for salve today. WE TRUST YOU.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 305 Woodsboro, Md.

Driver Agents Wanted

Drive and demonstrate the Bush Car. Pay for it out of your commissions on sales. Experience unnecessary. Appointments are prompt. Bush Cars are guaranteed or money back.

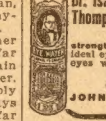
Five-Pass., 34.7 H.P., 122½ tires

Write stamps for our 48-page catalog and all particulars. Address, H. Bush, Pres. Dept. 926

114-in Wheelbase Delco Ignition—Elect. Stg. & Lts.

BUSH MOTOR COMPANY, Bush Temple, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Dr. Isaac Thompson's EYE WATER



strengthens weak, inflamed eyes, and is an ideal eye wash. Good since 1795. Keep your eyes well and they will help keep you.

25c At All Druggists, or Sent by Mail Upon Receipt of Price

Write for our booklet. It is FREE

JOHN L. THOMPSON SONS & CO. 166 River St., Troy, N. Y.

ARE YOU BASHFUL?

If you are timid or lack self confidence, if you blush, become confused easily, if you are bashful and unsuccessful in love, social or business affairs, send 2c stamp for our booklet—it tells how these faults may be promptly overcome forever.

The Concentro Institute, Dept 10, Box 963, Portland, Me.

HAWAIIAN RING FREE

Stone is mottled in all manner of colors imaginable. Bits of real silver in the stone make a combination of colors beautiful in the extreme. Measures one inch long, ¾ inch wide. We send gold filled ring, warranted 3 years—your size, postpaid, for 15c. to help pay advertising.

Auction Co., Dept. 231, Attleboro, Mass.

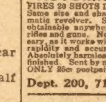
TYPEWRITER PRICES SMASHED!

We will sell you Underwoods, Remingtons, Royals, L. C. Smiths, Monarchs, etc., at a saving from $50 to $70 per cent discount. Your choice of any standard new built machine at a bargain. Every one perfect and guaranteed for five years including all repairs. Write today for our free circulars and wholesale price list.

$10 AND UP

EKARBORN TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. K-1 Chicago

AUTOMATIC REPEATING RIFLE



FIRES 20 SHOTS IN ONE LOADING. Same size and shape as regular automatic revolver. Shoots B. B. shot; obtainable anywhere, same as other rifles and guns. No cage or accessory, as it works with a spring and shoots with rapidity and accuracy, causing no recoil. Absolutely harmless and safe. Well made and finished. Sent by mail complete with round of shot for ONLY 35c postpaid.

Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. 200, 7121 N. Clark St., Chicago

ASTHMA ◆ HAY FEVER Treatment sent by express to you on Free Trial. If it cures send $1; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. Address W. K. SERRAINE, 836 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

$2.97

Solid Nickel Silver

American Thin Model 20 YEAR Watch $2.97

Special Closing Sale of American-made watches. Send your name and address and we will send you by parcel post C. O. D. $2.97 this elegant thin model 16 size for gents, 16 size for boys, open face, solid nickel silver screw back and bezel case, dust proof, with lever movement, jewel expansion balance, hard enamel dial, stem wind and pendant set; a reliable timekeeper, equal to a $15.00 watch, fully guaranteed 20 years. ORDER AT ONCE. This sale for short time only. Satisfaction guaranteed. Pay your postman $2.97 and postage when you receive it. Handsome fob free if cash is sent with order. Address Boston Jewelry Co., Dept. 10-39 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

THE FAIRY CORNER

THE SPICE-BOX.

The spice-box is a nice box,
I like to peep within.
I like to sniff each fragrant whiff,
Since sniffing is no sin!
I like to play I'm far away
In balmy islands sweet,
'Mid spicy trees that woo the breeze,
With spice roots at my feet.

This cinnamon once grew upon
A tree in Borneo.
The inner bark, how nicely, mark!
They stripped and rolled it—so!
These fragrant cloves, in Java's groves
As flower buds they grew;
Now, plucked and dried, o'er oceans wide
They come, my dear, to you.

Oh, ginger hot, you're not forgot!
I think you're from Jamaica;
In dusty brown you come to town,
As sober as a Quaker.
Root of a reed you were, indeed,
Tho powder now we view;
You love to bite, yet not in spite;
Oh, no, in friendship true!

Cassia and mace must find their place;
Mace is the nutmeg's sheath,
And nutmegs grow on trees, you know,
The tropic skies beneath.
Sweet allspice next I find, perplexed—
Its real name is pimento;
Its powdered seeds fulfill our needs
With aromatic scent, oh!

Yes, the spice-box is a nice box!
I like to sniff within.
All earth, you see, sends gifts to me,
And sniffing is no sin!
Then let me learn, and wisely turn
To use each pungent spice,
This very minute I'll begin it—
Make mother something nice!

TOMMY'S DREAM.

Tommy had been to the school treat away out from the dirty, crowded, hot streets in which he lived, into the green, fresh country. And Tommy had enjoyed the outing, but I'm afraid that many butterflies and insects and some of the birds, too, had cause to be sorry that Tommy and his mates had been at their homes for a treat. It was no treat to them.

A great part of the day Tommy had spent in what he thought good fun. He had chased beautiful butterflies, but when he caught them they only amused him for a few minutes and then he would let them flutter away, with spoiled and broken wings. He had tried to capture the big bees that he saw flying about, but as he laid hold on one it stung him and, thinking himself badly used, he let it go. Then he had frightened many of the birds by throwing stones at them, only, fortunately, he aimed badly and never hit his mark! And when he and his companions, wandering thru the green fields, came upon a large, scaly beetle, he had seized it and in spite of its struggles he had put it in his pocket.

But now Tommy was back from the treat, and was in bed. He hadn't been asleep long when he seemed to be again in the fields in which he had played all day, but all the butterflies and bees and beetles and birds seemed to have changed places with him as to size, for they appeared as large as boys, while he was about the size of the beetle he had caught. Tommy was terribly frightened.

"Oh," he thought, "I must hide under the sticks or those big creatures will catch me. Oh, dear, I wish I was home!" Then he hid quickly under some twigs, hoping that the butterflies and other things would go away, but it was all of no use. Soon he felt the sticks lifted and heard something scream out—he didn't know what the thing was at first, for he dared not look up:

"Oh, come and look! Here's such a funny thing. Four legs! And it only walks on two of them—and such a funny head!"

Then Tommy felt himself lifted up and pinched, and, screaming and struggling, he looked up at the thing that held him. It was a beetle of gigantic size, so it seemed to Tommy.

"Oh!" screamed the beetle again. "Come and see what I've got. Such a funny thing. Whatever can it be?"

"What have you got?" asked a butterfly, about a hundred times Tommy's size, flying up. "Why, it's just a boy. They're common enough. If you didn't live under the ground so much of the time you'd know a boy when you see him. That's only a little one, but I've seen big ones, and I've good cause to remember them, too. They've chased me often enough." The butterfly spoke fiercely for such a gentle creature and Tommy trembled.

"A boy!" shrieked the beetle. "A boy! I know something about them, only I didn't know this was one. Ugh! You little brute!" shaking Tommy. "You're a boy, are you? I'll pinch you." And the beetle did and Tommy screamed and kicked, but the beetle held him tightly.

"What's on here?" asked a passing bee. "What have you got?"

"Only a boy," replied the butterfly, "and we're pinching him to see him kick."

"Oh! Oh!" screamed Tommy. "You cowards! You wouldn't dare to do it if I wasn't so small." But the insects took no notice of his cries.

"Here, turn him over to me," said the bee. "I owe boys a grudge; let me sting him."

"Wait a bit," answered the beetle. "Let's have some fun with him first. You'll kill him if you sting him."

"Not I. Besides, boys can't feel."

"They can, they can!" screamed Tommy, but no attention was paid to his words. Just as the bee was about to sting its victim a robin (to Tommy it seemed the size of an eagle) flew up.

First Kitten—"Oh, see the new clock."
Second Kitten—"Yes. Don't the man in the third story back throw the nicest things at papa!"

The butterfly hurried away and the bee seemed impressed with the idea that he must gather something to make honey of, and he went, too. Only the beetle remained, holding Tommy tightly still, for he knew his scaly coat would protect him from the robin, while the butterfly and the bee had no such protection.

"What have you got?" came the question again, this time from the robin.

"Just a boy. I owe boys a grudge, so I'm pinching him," and the beetle squeezed Tommy again, and again he squealed.

"Will you give him to me?" asked the robin. "I'd like to take him somewhere."

Then the beetle dropped Tommy, who was now quite sore, and the robin took him in his beak, but dreams are queer things. At that moment the robin seemed to be in a room, and Tommy saw that it was his own bedroom.

"What's the matter?" squealed a familiar voice. (It was the voice of Tommy's white mouse.) "Why, it's Tommy."

"Yes, please, dear mouse, it's me," said Tommy. "You know me, don't you?" Tommy was afraid of the white mouse, it seemed to be so very big.

"Know you?" squeaked the mouse. "I've good reason to know you. Yes, and now I'll make you know me."

"Please, dear mouse," began Tommy, but the mouse interrupted him. "Know you? You're the boy that fastened me up in a cage without any food and I was hungry. Worse! Worse! I was thirsty and all the water in my cage was dried up. My cage hasn't been cleaned for weeks. Know you? Yes, and now you shall know me."

The white mouse rushed fiercely at Tommy, but suddenly the boy awoke to find himself his natural size. "Dear-me," he murmured, "what a dreadful dream I've had! I declare I'll never hurt anything again. And when I wake up in the morning I'll feed my mouse; I forgot him yesterday." Tommy had been so full of the treat the day before that the mouse had been neglected. In fact, Tommy often neglected him.

The next morning, as soon as he was dressed, Tommy ran to the cage to attend to the mouse, but it was dead.

"Oh, dear!" cried Tommy. "I must have forgotten my mouse for two days! I'll never be cruel to anything again."

And he kept his word.

THE ESKIMO AT PLAY.

In the matter of amusements the Eskimo are not badly off. They have a form of the cup-and-ball game played there, the ball being a block of ivory with holes at different angles, into which one of the players strives to insert an ivory peg as the block falls, the position of the hole determining the value of the stroke.

Another game closely resembles dominoes, while, when they can borrow or purchase a pack of cards, the more intelligent of them will play with considerable skill; and they enjoy draughts, having learned these games from the whalers. They also have a game exactly like solitaire, with the exception that ivory pegs take the place of glass balls.

The special amusement of the women is a species of "cat's cradle," which has been brought to such perfection that they develop from the string twenty to thirty different figures. Indeed, they are extremely clever in performing tricks with string, winding and twisting a piece in and out among their fingers and then disentangling it by a single pull on one end.

A BIG PRICE.

Of course, you have all read of the grown-up Benjamin Franklin and his kite, and how he discovered electricity; but have you ever heard any stories of him when he was a little boy? There is one about a whistle, which came into Benjamin's life when he was only 7 years old.

One day his mother gave Benjamin several bright yellow pennies. He had never had so many before, and did not know what he could do with them.

"You may buy anything you please," said his mother.

So Benjamin ran gleefully into the street and thought of the many things he could buy with the precious pennies he held so tightly in his hand. Should it be candy? For then he could share it with all his brothers and sisters. Even candy wouldn't mean very much, for there were seventeen children altogether in the Franklin family, and a few pennies can't buy nearly enough for seventeen. And the thoughtful Benjamin pondered long and decided it would be wise to buy a toy that all might enjoy. And he hurried toward that part of Boston where the most interesting toy shops were, tho in those days toy shops were not as plentiful as they are now, and little Benjamin would have a long walk before he came to a place where they sold toys.

He had not gone very far when he met a big boy blowing a whistle. And the only thing Benjamin wanted then in the whole world was a whistle just like that boy's.

"I want a whistle like yours," he said to the boy. The big boy put his hands in his pockets and blew his very best.

"Look," said Benjamin. "Look at my pennies. Are they enough to buy a whistle? Would you sell yours for all my pennies?"

"All of them?" asked the boy.

"Yes, every one," was the answer.

"Well, here it is, then," and he gave the whistle to Benjamin and took the pennies. Little Benjamin ran home as quickly as he could, only stopping to blow his whistle.

"Look, mother; look at my new whistle!" he cried.

"How much did you pay, my boy?" his mother asked.

"All the pennies you gave me; it's a lovely whistle. Listen to it." The mother said nothing, but a big brother came along and asked to see the new whistle. "It's only a penny whistle, and a poor one at that. You paid too much for your whistle."

"You might have bought half a dozen such whistles with the money I gave you," and the mother sighed, for money was scarce in the family.

Then the little boy saw the mistake he had made, and the whistle did not please him any more. He threw it upon the floor and began to cry.

"Never mind, my boy," said his mother gently. "You are only a little boy, and you will learn as you grow older. The lesson you have learned today is never to pay too dear for a whistle." Benjamin Franklin lived to be a very old man, but he never forgot that lesson.

THE TUSSOCK MOTH.

If you look at a linden tree, or a maple, you may see a great number of small caterpillars. They aren't more than a half-inch long at first, but before long they grow to be more than an inch in length. You will recognize them right away by their yellow bodies with three dark stripes and four white tufts on their backs. The head is bright red and there are two black plumes on it.

These caterpillars live on our trees and shrubs. Every one that is permitted to grow up will wind itself into a cocoon and will presently emerge therefrom, a tussock moth. If a female she will proceed to lay 300 to 400 eggs from which a new crop of caterpillars will hatch and these will do still more damage.

Now, it doesn't take much thinking to figure out why we should help the birds to dispose of the caterpillars. We can destroy the bunches of eggs, too. They are to be found in white, frothy masses on the bark of the trees and they may be scraped off without much trouble.

CAUSE FOR FEAR.

Peggy was a pupil in a school where an epidemic of measles was raging and she finally succumbed to the disease.

All went well, however, and at the end of a fortnight she was quite able to return to school. But the mere suggestion of going back to school was received with consternation. Peggy didn't want to return; in fact, she was panicky over the thought.

"Why is it, Peggy, that you don't want to go back to school?" questioned her mother.

Peggy answered: "Because the teacher is going to burn me up in the furnace."

"What do you mean, Peggy dear? Tell me," demanded the puzzled parent. And Peggy said.

"Well, she said that after any one had been absent three days she would drop them from the register."

ABILITY.

"Pa," said little Joe, "I bet I can do something you can't."

"Well, what is it?" demanded his pa.

"Grow," replied the youngster, triumphantly.

FREE TO ALL WOMEN

Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., BOX E, South Bend, Ind.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Write for Free Catalog. Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry. Select any article desired, have it sent to you prepaid. If satisfactory, send us one-fifth of the purchase price and keep it, balance in eight equal monthly amounts.

OFTIS BROS. & CO. INC. National Credit Jewelers Dept. C690, 100 N. State St. CHICAGO, ILL. Stores in Leading Cities

Gallstones

Avoid operating. Internal remedy. (No Oil). Symptoms are Aches or Pains in Stomach, Back, Side or Shoulders, Colic, Gas, Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Nervousness, Constipation, Yellow, Sallow Skin, Appendicitis, Stomach, Liver, Gall sufferers write for medical Book FREE. Gallstone Remedy Co., Dept. H-65, 219 South Dearborn Street, Chicago

YOU SELDOM SEE 25 and 50c CALIFORNIA GOLD PIECES

Pioneer relics of the early days. Quarter-dollar size 50c. Half-dollar size 75c. Few in dollar size $1.75. BERT CAUL, 705 Ferguson Bldg., LOS ANGELES

FIBRE LEGS ARMS

4-LB. FIBRE LEGS—ON EASY TERMS

Orthopedic braces for all deformities. Send for booklet. Ray Trautman, 624 Dess Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

SORE LEGS HEALED

Open Legs, Ulcers, Enlarged Veins, Eczema healed while you work. Write for book "How to Heal My Sore Legs at Home." Describe your case. A. C. LIEPE, 612 Green Bay Avenue, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED

Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 4 free books; inventions wanted, etc. I help you market your invention without charge. RICHARD B. OWEN, 22 OWEN BLDG., WASHINGTON, D. C.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address, PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

Pale pink coral voile is a good choice for a chemise dress.

Bathing suits are made on the lines of the chemise frock.

Foulard and mousseline make a good combination in a dress.

Sometimes the only bright color in an entire costume is in chain or waist belt.

Some of the prettiest new coats have long, broad ties of self-material or taffeta.

One begins to see laydown collars of white linen, plaited, which are distinctly interesting.

In the knitted sweater coats with long sleeves that open down the front the body and sleeves are of fancy shell knitted weave.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

To keep a kitchen table white, wash it first with vinegar and then scrub as usual.

When washing wool blankets do not rinse in clear water to keep the softness. Rinse in warm water in which has been dissolved just enough soap to make the water soft.

When cooking anything requiring a double boiler, if none is at hand, try two basins, one inside the other, with a wire dish cloth between. Should the water boil out it will not burn.

The usefulness of rubber overshoes may be prolonged by mending them with adhesive plaster, which may be bought for five cents a roll. Heat the plaster and paste on the inside of the rubber over the worn part.

Take all soiled handkerchiefs, put into pail or boiler and cover with cold water. Also put a little washing soda or shave a little soap up into pail with handkerchiefs and set on stove and let come to a boil. Or better still, boil a few minutes, then wash as usual. All the disagreeable part will be avoided.

To freshen crepe waists that have become dingy, get two yards or more of crepe paper of the desired shade. Put into a tin pan three quarts of soft water, add the paper and a teaspoon of salt, boil ten minutes, let it cool, take the paper out, dip in the article, put it into the air, and dip again until you have the right shade. Rinse once and roll up in a cloth. Iron while wet.

RECIPES.

CHERRY WATER ICE—Stalk and stone the cherries and pound the kernels in a mortar. Pass them thru a sieve, together with the fruit. Allow one-quarter pound castor sugar to each half pint of pulp and add finally a little lemon juice. Freeze in the usual way. The flavor of the kernels should be rather pronounced and if not strong enough a few drops of almond essence or kirschwasser will improve it.

RICE A LA CREOLE—For rice a la creole chop a large onion, two seeded green peppers and a half a cupful of raw ham. Mix well and fry lightly in butter. Add a cupful of parboiled rice, three cupfuls of beef stock, one cupful of stewed tomatoes and a teaspoonful of salt. Cook slowly until the rice is tender and the liquid nearly absorbed.

COTTAGE PUDDING—One cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, two egg yolks, two tablespoons butter, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, cream, sugar and egg yolks, add milk and melted butter, flour and baking powder sifted together. Bake in square tin. Use white of eggs for meringue.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Many hats this summer have ornaments fastened to the crown or brim by long silk stitches in several colors. Tinsel or metallic thread is now being substituted for silk, not only on hats but on dresses that are not made of wash material.

One of the small wicker suitcases, the size that children carry, can be turned into a practical sewing kit. It would be convenient for veranda sewing and vacation days, as it can easily be carried about and so fitted up that all the materials for mending, sewing or embroidery would be at hand.

If you want some hemstitching done and haven't much time, pull the threads as if you were going to do it by hand, then machine stitch down the center of the threads, slipping this stitching as close to one side as possible. You will never be able to tell the difference without very close attention.

HEALTH NOTES.

Touch fever blister with spirits of camphor.

Either white vaseline or honey will make a pleasant application for tender lips. Don't bite the lips. It is evidence of nervousness and will keep your cupid's bow in ragged, unlovely condition.

Women do not rest their feet and treat them to air baths as frequently as they should. After the bath, slip on sandals, or better still, rest them on a pillow for half an hour. A sun bath is likewise excellent. Ten minutes' rub before retiring each night, after giving the feet their daily treatment, will often encourage drowsiness and remove the last painful kink from the tired muscles.

COOK ALL PORK WELL.

"Eat no pork or pork products unless they are cooked, if you would be certain of avoiding trichinosis." This is the warning issued by the Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture. The warning has been issued so often that it would appear that it had been accepted by nearly everybody as an important rule of eating, but every year the bureau's attention is called to numerous cases which indicate that the warning is not heeded. In packing plants where pork products to be eaten raw are prepared for the market under the supervision of the Government inspectors, the packers are required to heat the product sufficiently to destroy harmful organism, or to subject it for a considerable period to extreme cold, which accomplishes the same purpose. This treatment, however, is not to be construed as an indorsement by the bureau of such dietetic practices.

The Government's supervision of raw pork products is limited to the establishments which prepare such products for interstate shipments. It can exercise no supervision whatever over countless small establishments which serve a limited trade, or over the persons who kill and prepare pork for their own use. It is among farmers that every year about hog killing time there is an outbreak of trichinosis—a serious, painful and often fatal disease, often tracked directly to organisms in raw pork. In such cases it is usually found that farmers have made raw pork into special forms of sausage, which are eaten without cooking.

All pork should be cooked thoroly. The organisms cannot live at a temperature above 100 degrees, hence if the pork is well cooked they are killed and rendered harmless. A practical rule is to cook pork until it has lost its red color throuout all portions, or, if a trace of this color is still present, at least until the fluids of the meat have become more or less jellied. The bureau advises that it should be made plain to every person concerned with the preparation of food that the warning to cook pork well cannot be violated without grave danger.

ENCOURAGE NEATNESS.

Mothers of children who never think of picking up their belongings have only themselves to blame. True, it takes time to stand over a child until he puts every block back in its box, or every toy in the box selected to hold it; but the time spent will be time gained in later years, for neatness is a habit, and one that will grow if properly cultivated. So negligent have many mothers been in this matter that their grown-up children have greatly annoyed their associates because of their habit of untidiness. You are all familiar with the wife who has to be a slave to her husband in the matter of picking up his personal belongings. That particular man's mother or guardian is the one to censure for the fault. Training in early childhood would have prevented such a habit.

To encourage neatness one can use attractive schemes. For instance, in the child's playroom have a bag made for toys. Let the bag be as attractive as possible, embroidering familiar figures on the receptacle so that the child will have an incentive for taking the toys back to the bag.

One mother instilled the idea of orderliness in the hearts of her children by supplying each child with attractive towels. She objected to an untidy bathroom, and by going to this extra trouble she gave the children towels that meant something to them, so that they didn't fling them carelessly over the tub, the radiator or the towel rack, as so many persons are apt to do, but they folded each towel neatly before placing it over the rack. This may seem a small matter to you, but it saved the mother many precious minutes when performing her upstairs duties every day. Then, too, neatness in small things makes neatness in large things a sure thing—a fact not to be overlooked in the training of children.

THE VOGUE FOR GINGHAM.

Last season the cretonne bags and pillows were a part of every summer girl's outfit, but this year gingham is the favorite material.

Not only are bags made of gingham, but my lady, who is economizing, wears a very simple dress and hat of gingham. Very often dresses are made entirely of this material, with collar and cuffs of white or colored material, while other dresses are made of gingham and lawn, cleverly combined.

The little girl also wears gingham, yet, and at one of the large summer resorts a certain kiddie has a number of pretty dresses, which are wonderful examples of what can be done with this material.

DIDN'T NEED TO LOOK.

Mrs. Jenkinson, a regular visitor in the doctor's consulting-room, started in the long story of her troubles. The doctor endured it patiently and gave her another bottle. At last she started to go, and the doctor was congratulating himself, when she stopped and exclaimed:

"Why, Doctor, you didn't look to see if my tongue was coated."

"I know it isn't," wearily replied the medical man. "You don't find grass on a motor speedway."

HOT RECEPTION PROMISED.

"Is your husband up yet?" inquired the early morning caller.

"I guess he is," replied the stern woman at the door.

"I'd like to say a few words to him——"

"So would I. He hasn't come home yet."

Banished Quickly, Easily and Marvelously

Increase your health, avoid a serious shock to your nervous system by suddenly stopping on will power, so don't try it; remove the nicotine from the system; overcome the craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff, avoid nervousness and stomach trouble, heart disease, weak eyes, gain back manly vigor, strengthen the nerves. Get Gustafson's FREE Book telling what the most eminent physicians of the world have discovered on the tobacco poisons to humanity. Remember we legally guarantee every case in all respects.

FREE

GUSTAFSON MFG. CO.
1324 HALL AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO

PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**

No. 9493 Plain Blouse, 36 to 46 bust.

No. 9479 Tailored Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.
No. 9482 Three-Piece Skirt, 24 to 34 waist.

No. 9485 Surplice Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.
No. 9484 Six-Gore Skirt, 24 to 32 waist.

No. 9503 Coat Dress, sizes 16 and 18 yrs.

No. 9501 Skirt with Deep Belt, 24 to 32 waist.
No. 9505 Child's Dress, 2 to 6 years.

No. 9502 Boy's Suit 2 to 6 years.

No. 9495 Bathing Suit with Draped Skirt, 34 to 40 bust.

No. 9494 Girl's Dress 8 to 14 years.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free three pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the three that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get six coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the three pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these three coupons entitling you to three patterns, fill out the blank below and inclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

.....CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US.....

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Inclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to three Pattern Coupons.

NAME.....

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) Coupons good for six months.

Street No. or R. F. D.....

Box.....Town.....

This is a.....Subscription. (New or Renewal)

State.....

The Air Rifle is FREE if You Order DIRECT From This Ad

8-Piece Outfit

$1.00 Only

Astounding? Yes, for here is better quality at lower prices than others sell for cash. You will be proud to see your boy in these snappy up-to-date clothes. A wonderful, yes, a wonderful money-saving bargain. Don't miss it. We ship on approval. Money back if you say so. Outfit includes:

1 West Point Norfolk Suit
1 Pair Best-Ever Sturdy Shoes
1 Snappy Pinch Back Golf Cap
1 Fancy Striped Percale Waist
1 Pretty Silk Popin Tie
3 Pairs of Fast Black Stockings

"West Point" pinch back Norfolk Suit, made in latest, snappiest Style. Built for wear and has all the up-to-date details that the American boy delights in. Three outside fancy patch pockets and one inside pocket. Back has newest pinch effect with yoke shoulder and inverted plait down center. Three piece detachable belt. Lined with good twilled serge. Semi-peg knickers with belt loops and watch pocket. Comes in sizes 7 to 17. Made from smooth finish cashmeres in neat patterns of fancy blue, brown or gray.

Best-Ever shoe, made from good quality leather. Comfort last, strongly sewed. Sizes up to 6.

Snappy pinch back Golf Cap, made from selected patterns in fancy worsted, same color as suit, sizes 6¼ to 7⅛.

Washable waist made from fast color, fancy striped percale. Military link collar. Outside breast pocket.

Four-in-hand Poplin Tie, handsome new shades.

Three pairs of stockings. Fast black, re-inforced knees.

Order by No. F2. $1.00 down, $1.85 monthly. Total price $11.95.

Order by No. F-2

Easy Payments

Take 6 months to pay. We will open a charge account for you which enables you to buy your wearing apparel needs and pay for them in small monthly payments. Our large output saves you money and our credit plan makes it easy for you to pay. Send only $1.00 and we will ship you this wonderful 8-piece boy's outfit along with the air rifle which is free. Pay the balance in small monthly payments. Each article in this outfit has been selected for its style, wearing quality and value. **Be sure to give the color and size of suit, cap and shoes.**

Mail Coupon

Thousands will be sending in for this bargain. It will be first come first served. Get your order in now. Mail the coupon with $1.00 P. O. order. Remember, the Daisy Air Rifle is free. Also get our remarkable bargain bulletin of men's and women's and children's clothing on credit. Write today while this offer is on. Send the coupon today. Be one of the first to get a Daisy Air Rifle.

ELMER RICHARDS CO., Dept. C-501, W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I enclose ..... as first payment. Please send the Boy's Outfit No. F2. Color Suit..... Size Suit ..... Size Cap..... Size Shoes..... If I am not satisfied with the boy's outfit, I can return it and get payment back with all charges. Otherwise, I will pay advertised terms.

Name.....

Address.....

Post Office..... *State*.....

If you wish the Bargain Bulletin, put X here ☐

500-Shot Repeating DAISY Air Rifle

To those who act quickly, we will give, absolutely free, this famous Daisy Air Rifle if you order direct from this advertisement. A constant source of amusement for any boy. Teaches accuracy of eye and trains steadiness of nerve. Lots of fun. This is the same Daisy Air Rifle that storekeepers charge $1.50 for. We give it to you absolutely free if you order from this advertisement. Act right now!

FREE

We give this wonderful Daisy Air Rifle FREE because we want a large number of new customers right away. The number of new customers we want is limited. So act quickly. Get your order in today. Don't be too late to get this rifle absolutely free.

Mothers, send in your order today for this wonderful 8-Piece Boy's Outfit and learn what extra value is in our boy's clothing. Just mail post office order for $1.0 We will ship you the complete 8-Piece Boy's Outfit along with the Air Rifle which is absolutely free. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer. Don't wait until all the air rifles are gone, but mail the coupon today, now.

ELMER RICHARDS CO. Dept. C-501 W. 35th St. **CHICAGO, ILL.**